THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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COMFORTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Here's sorrow for the hand that falls,
And tears for fading eyes;
Here's disappointment for us all,
And saddest of reptiles;
The sunshine dies from bluest skies,
The flowers from our way,
But oh, take heart, the troubles last
But one—one little day!

Our corn and wine may fail, and all
Our harvest fields be dry,
And we may see no cooling shower
On balmy wings go by;
The grass may wither in our path,
The sunshine fade away,
Yet oh, take heart, these troubles last
But one—one little day!

There is another, brighter world,
Where peace forever reigns;
Where rivers run on silver feet
Through all the smiling plains;
There naked souls shall find rich robes,
There tears shall fall no more;
Nor pain nor disappointment reach
That shining, sunlit shore.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XI.

"What I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul."
—Shakespeare.

The next day Pemberton rode over to see Major André. Presenting his pass at the front door, where several sentinels were stationed, he was conducted along an entry where a sentinel also paced, to the door of the room, where another sentry kept guard. Every precaution seemed to have been taken to prevent an escape.

In the room itself, two officers of approved vigilance and fidelity were constantly posted, with strict orders not to leave the prisoner, by day or by night, even for a moment.

André, dressed in the rich uniform of a British officer, was seated at a table conversing with his guards, as Pemberton entered. Recognising his friend, he sprang to his feet with an exclamation.

"Dear Arthur—I am so glad to see you!" cried he, flinging his arms around Pemberton's neck, while tears came into his fine eyes. And Pemberton responded with equal fervor.

Then after introducing Pemberton to the American officers, who drew back with delicacy to the other end of the room, the friends seated themselves by the table.

Several sheets of paper lay on the table, and André smilingly pointed out to Arthur two drawings he had been making with pen and ink for the amusement of his guards. One was a likeness of himself, as he sat then at the table—an excellent likeness, though executed without the aid of a mirror. The other was more humorous, being a picture of himself shortly after his arrest, and while being escorted by his rough captors to the American post at North Castle.

"A man must do something at a moment like this, to keep his thoughts employed," said he, with a slight shudder. "But you know what I am longing to hear. How does Helen bear this cruel stroke?"

"She is in God's mercy lying so ill as to be unconscious of anything," replied Pemberton, solemnly. Then he narrated to André how they all had journeyed to Tappan to see him, and how the excitement and sorrow had thrown Helen into a dangerous illness—omitting, of course, the more painful features of the story.

André leaned his head upon his hand and said nothing for a time, though his countenance, as Pemberton caught glimpses of it occasionally, was convulsed with grief. Then he seemed to master his feelings with a strong effort and he said quietly:

"Perhaps it is best—perhaps it is best! It would unman me—it would kill her—to meet thus, and part! You see this miniature"—taking it from within his bosom—"it is the work of my own hand, and I think a good likeness, although painted from memory. I wish to have it next my heart so long as I live; then take it, and give it to her when she can bear to see it, and tell her, Arthur," here his voice broke down and he paused for a few moments—"tell her that I loved her to the last, and that my greatest regret in dying is that I have so clouded with my fate her young and glorious life."

"She told me to tell you," replied Pemberton—"it was yesterday before her attack of illness, and she thought I should see you at once—that she never loved you more than now. That she loved you utterly, and knew that, in all you had done, you had acted like the noble gentleman and true man you always were."

"God bless her noble heart!" responded André. "It takes half the bitterness of death away to have her say that. Tell her, when she recovers, that I said this, and tell her, also, that I know I have done nothing of which an honorable man and a British soldier need be ashamed. Do you think I have, my dear friend?"

"I do not. I have told Washington himself so, and have urged every plea I could in your favor. But with no effect. They all respect and pity you, John; but they all think that policy demands your sacrifice. I see no hope," added Pemberton, in an agonized voice.

"I gave up all hope when the Court-martial made its unanimous decision," said André, in a voice which did not even falter. "I saw it in their faces that I should have to die, to prove that they were true to their country—that Arnold's defection began and ended with himself. Well, so be it! I am prepared to die like a man. But I would wish, also, to die like a soldier. Do you think, Arthur, that Washington can refuse this last request?" and he opened a drawer and took out a sheet of paper. "Here is a copy of a petition I have just forwarded." Pemberton took it and read as follows:

"Sir: Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency, at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

"Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of those feelings in your heart, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

"I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,"

"JOHN ANDRE,
"Adjutant-General to the British army."

"Have you had any reply to this?" asked Pemberton, with deep emotion.

"Not as yet. There has scarcely been time. Is it properly worded?"

"It could not be better. It reads like the man and gentleman you are. They must be cruel indeed, to deny your request. But they will not deny it. No policy surely can dictate that."

"It will be, I confess, a cruel blow to me if they deny this poor last petition," rejoined André, with deep feeling. "But whatever may be the result, I trust I shall be able to meet it with the composure of a man and the courage of a soldier. It is crime alone that can make any punishment ignominious and shameful; and if I know my own heart, my great object in this affair was to put an end to this unhappy civil war, and to prevent the further shedding of blood. I admit that I was ambitious—but, as I am a true man, Arthur, the motives I have given you were my leading motives."

"You had a right to be ambitious, John," said Pemberton, gazing with sorrowful eyes of admiration upon the noble countenance of his friend—"you, so accomplished, so gifted! You had the same right to be ambitious as a young eagle has to use its wings."

"Alas," replied André, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "here is the end of all my ambitious dreams! I have reached the age of twenty-nine, and am a Major, and Adjutant-General of the British Army. It is little, Arthur, to what I had hoped to attain, before the last page of my history should be turned, and Finis written below it. If I had succeeded—I should have touched those steps which lead up to the highest honors. I should have ended the war. I should have pacified and fully satisfied every reasonable man among your countrymen. I should have preserved this immense Continent to the British Empire and the Protestant Faith. But one false step, one foolish word, undid it all." André paused, and seemed lost in his reflections.

Pemberton made no reply. He could not argue against a man on the threshold of the grave—although the officers of the guard, who caught snatches of the conversation, gazed at times curiously at him.

André observed them not however, or cared not for them and their thoughts. In a few moments he resumed.

"I suppose it was to be so however. It is difficult to think that it was a mere chance, which a little more caution might have averted. You know the dream, Arthur, that I told you about, the evening after our Wissahiccon adventure. And the Fortune Teller's vision. One has come true. The other doubtless will come true this day. What of Westminster Abbey? Will that come true, too?"

"I have no doubt of it," Pemberton felt himself almost impelled to reply. He could not himself analyze the impelling force. Perhaps it was the mere humane wish to comfort his friend. "I have no doubt that when they hear at home of your sad fate, your name will be enrolled at Westminster among the noblest and bravest of England."

"Think you so?" exclaimed André, the cloud of grief upon his face lightening—"then I have not failed utterly, after all. I might have died in battle any day, and the annals of my country scarcely have known

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N. P. Willis has beautifully paraphrased this letter to Washington, as follows:—

"It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow;
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now;
I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

"I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win;
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

"Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live,
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death."

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

As sketched by himself, with a pen, the day before his execution.

that such a man as John André ever existed."

"You have written your name upon the enduring marble of your country's history—you may depend upon that," rejoined Pemberton with proud sympathy.

The door opened, and a young officer walked in. It was Colonel Hamilton.

He had been André's best friend since his capture, and was well-known to Pemberton.

"You are reprieved till noon to-morrow, Major," said he, after shaking hands with both of them, but without any manifestation of pleasure in his face.

"What does it mean?" questioned André.

"Sir Henry Clinton has deputed General Robertson to meet General Greene and make certain representations relative to the case, and the true state of the facts. Of course, courtesy to Sir Henry required the reprieve."

"I am very much obliged to Sir Henry for his kindness," replied André, with emotion. "He has always acted towards me more like a father and a friend than a general. But of course it will amount to nothing," looking at Hamilton.

"It will amount to nothing. It is a mere formality on our part," replied Hamilton gloomily. "Though some of the officers think—I do not—that Sir Henry is ready, as a last resort, to offer in exchange for you that traitor, Arnold."

"Never—never—never!" cried André impetuously, springing to his feet. "To save his own son, his own father, Sir Henry would never do that! Not if Arnold himself were to propose it."

"Of course not," said Hamilton. "I merely told you what many think. But as to Arnold, the story goes, 'to give the devil his due,' that he really has proposed it to Sir Henry."

"It is a nobler act than I should have given him credit for," replied André, in whose mind, as our readers know, Arnold's conduct had not left the most favorable impression, "but of course Sir Henry would not hear of it—and I would not hear of it."

"I do not know that the story is true," said Hamilton. "It is merely rumor."

"It is not entirely unlike Arnold's daring recklessness," said Pemberton. "He once told me that he scarcely knew what fear was."

"I believe that," rejoined Hamilton. "I saw him receive the Major's note, telling him that the game was up, and go on with his breakfast, crunching some dry toast, just as coolly as if nothing had happened. Then he made an apology and left the table, and soon after was thundering down on horseback to the landing, thence into his barge, and with his pistol in his hand, down the Hudson to the Vulture. He must have been in the ship by the time I started on horseback to intercept him at King's Ferry."

"What do you suppose he would have done if you had been in time?" queried Pemberton.

"Pushed through, if he could, in spite of us. If the worst came, blown his own brains out."

"Colonel, to change the subject," said André, "has any decision been come to, relative to that last request I made you?"

"I believe it is still under consideration," replied Hamilton. "I can assure you, Major, it shall not fail from want of any urging of mine."

"I should think it would not require any great amount of urging, to gallant men and soldiers," rejoined André, a little coldly and haughtily.

Hamilton rose to withdraw. "I will no longer interrupt your conversation, gentlemen. Anything I can do for either of you, shall be most cheerfully done, I assure you."

When Hamilton had closed the door, André said—"That man is a true gentleman, Arthur. And more, he seems to me the ablest man I have yet met among your leaders. I have not seen Washington—he appears to avoid me."

"Washington is a man to whom the supreme thing is his duty to his country. He means to be as just and impartial as eternal Fate. He is afraid, I judge, to see you—lest seeing you, his sympathy should cloud his judgment."

André smiled. "Your friendship makes you too complimentary by half, Arthur. From what I have heard of your great leader, I am not the sun that could thaw in the least such a perfect statue—of ice."

"Indeed, you wrong him, John. If you knew him, as I do, you would do him justice. But I had intended to ask whether there was any way in which I could be of service to you."

"In no other way than by giving me as much of your company as possible. Even to the very last," added André, with a deep breath. "I shall go more cheerfully to the gallows—or whatever it be—if I can see your dear, loving eyes as I go. You will not fear to witness what I shall not fear to bear?"

Pemberton wrung his friend's hand. "I am not certain that mine will not be the harder task; but I will stand by you, John, to the end."

"I knew you would, friend of my heart!" exclaimed André, while the tears filled his eyes and fell upon the hand of Pemberton. "And it seems to me, as you and I sit here, the truest of friends, though arrayed under different banners, that it typifies what, in some way, in the inscrutable providence of God, shall take place hereafter. That the time shall come when the great fact of our being created kindred shall prevail over all this foolish contention and bitterness; and America and England be joined once more, in heart and soul, if not in political bonds, like two generous and loving brothers."

"God grant that it may be so!" exclaimed Pemberton with enthusiasm. "Blood is indeed thicker than water!"

Nothing was said for a time, then André caught up the pen, and made a rapid sketch. "Do you recognize the scene?" asked he when it was completed.

"It looks like the Hudson, but I do not recognize the place."

"It is the Hudson, as I saw it that wretched day from the chamber of Smith's house. That is intended for the Vulture. You see how wide the river is there—it is almost a bay. It is a magnificent view, I can assure you—but it was a very sad one to me the day. So near safety, and so impossible to reach it. I tell you, Arthur, it was like looking over the walls into Paradise."

"May I keep it?"

"Of course. I drew it on purpose for you and for Isabella. You said she was well. She is one of the very noblest women I ever knew. Remember me to her, as to the dearest loved of sisters. I had hoped to dance with Helen at your wedding—and then have you dance at ours. Ah me! Ah me! 'Man is like the flower of the grass, that to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.' But there is a kind Father that rules all and controls all—and without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground. In this belief, which my mother taught me, Arthur, I shall die content—yes, content!

"I have written to my poor mother, and to my sisters and brothers," added André after a pause. "It will be a sad blow to them."

"Your will—is it made?"

"I fortunately drew it up before leaving New York, and I have written to Captain Boissier about the disposal of my effects. Yes, I think everything is done."

After some further desultory conversation, Pemberton left, promising to call in again in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XII.

Give me but breathing time, I'll rescue him,
Though forty thousand sentries stood on guard,
With Argus at their head.

As Pemberton was riding homeward slowly, he observed a solitary female figure standing beneath a tree on the side of the road. Absorbed in his unhappy thoughts, and supposing that it was merely some country maiden, he would have ridden on, had not the girl accosted him with a "Good mornin' to ye, Mr. Pimberton."

"Why—is that you, Captain Fanny?" exclaimed he in surprise. "What brings you up into this part of the country?"

"The same that brings you, Mr. Pimberton."

"Ah!"

"The Major did my brither a great sarvice once, yer honor. And you remimber how I carried love-letters betwixt him and Miss Hilen—the magnificent crathure!—And now they say he must be hung!" the tears that came into Fanny's eyes proved her earnestness.

"I would give everything I have in the world to prevent it, Fanny—but I can do nothing."

"That is jist what I wanted to see yer honor about. They say he is to die this avening."

"It has been put off until to-morrow at noon."

"'Twill not do. It's not long enough, yer honor. Get us a week—only one week, yer honor—and we can save him."

"I will try," said Pemberton, turning his horse's head; "but I have no faith that I can obtain one day's further delay. You say if you had a week, you could save him. Would your plan endanger any man's life?"

"No man's life—but his—and mine. And had he not better die, in a bold push for fradom, than stay there and be hang up like a dog?"

"I will try then what I can do," said Pemberton. "Have you anything more to say to me than this?"

"Nothing—yer honor. Git me the week—just one little week. For the sake of the blessed and merciful Vargin, just one week—and I will answer for the rest, in spite of their sax sentinels and two officers."

As Pemberton rode back towards headquarters, he questioned within himself as to Captain Fanny's competency to perform her promise. But he had heard Morris speak with so much admiration of Fanny's courage and capacity, in a conversation suggested by the unexpected rencontre between the two at his mother's house, that he did not feel disposed to omit anything which offered even a possible chance for his friend's deliverance. If she failed, matters could not be made worse.

Some may think that Pemberton in this matter was not acting a very patriotic part. Probably they are correct. But I am not depicting a model patriot, but only a fallible man, who possessed in a strong degree the feelings of a man. He did what I am narrating—and must be judged by the record. That he was not ashamed of what he did, was proved by his frequent declarations after the war, when talking over the matter with his friends, that if he could have aided in André's escape, he would certainly have done so. And he always further took the ground, in opposition to the nearly unanimous sentiment of those friends, that the execution of André was not called for either by considerations of justice or of sound policy. So much, in explanation and partial vindication of Pemberton's course. Though probably, after all, he was governed in what he did, more by feeling than by reason.

When he arrived at Washington's headquarters, he found the General surrounded by a number of his principal officers. As there was no time to be lost, he made known, as soon as possible, the purport of his visit—pleading earnestly, just for one week's delay—one little week.

"If you could give any good reason for such a delay, Mr. Pemberton," replied Washington, "I would grant it. But as all the facts have now been considered, and our decision is irrevocable, it would simply be inflicting a week of torture upon the prisoner, to grant your request. Do you not think so, General?"

General Greene, a large, portly man, in whose judgment his Chief had great confidence, nodded his head emphatically.

"It would be unwise, I think, in every respect. It would be cruelty to the prisoner, cruelty to us whose unpleasant duty it is to be his guards and executioners, and would bring down upon us a fresh load of threats, remonstrances and Commissioners from Clinton. To the country it would look like an evidence of weakness—perhaps of fear. When the act is once done, then Clinton will have to reconcile himself to it—for as yet he has made no positive threats of retaliation which he will feel bound in honor to adhere to. I therefore give my judgment"—looking around the circle of officers—"decidedly against another day's postponement."

A unanimous burst of assent from the officers, followed the close of Greene's remarks.

"You have your answer, Mr. Pemberton," said Washington, kindly but firmly; "there is but one opinion upon the subject."

Pemberton bowed respectfully but coldly, and, making no reply, left the room.

Fanny was awaiting his coming, at the same spot.

"It is as I said—I can do nothing. Not a day will they grant him."

"The murtherin' spalpeens!" exclaimed Fanny fiercely. "Thin all is over! Good day, yer honor"—and Fanny wiped the tears from her eyes.

"How would you have saved him?" asked Pemberton, checking his horse, which he had touched with the spur.

"Good strong brandy—and plinty of goold sovereins—and a line in a peach to the Major—and a fury of a fire at midnight—and two good horses—and the Vulture down the river—it could ha' been done, yer honor. Besides, some of the sentries already think it a divil of a shame to hang such a swate jintleman—specially two, who were in the troop of Baylor's rigiment that the Major saved 'gainst orders, at the night massecker at this very place."

Captain Fanny's face lighted up in thinking of the bold scheme. "But it's all over now—there's no time to save him!" added Fanny with a deep sigh.

And Pemberton again touched his horse with the spur, and rode back to the farmhouse.

CHAPTER XIII.

"There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die."
Aytoun's Montrose.

The hour of noon had been appointed for Major André's execution. André rose from his bed at his usual hour, and after partaking of breakfast—which was supplied him as had been the custom, from Washington's own table—began to make his preparations for the solemn scene. His servant Lanne had arrived from New York some days before with a supply of clothing; and André this morning shaved and dressed himself with even more than his usual care. He wore the rich scarlet uniform, faced with green, of a British officer; though without the customary sash and sword.

When Pemberton entered about eleven o'clock, he thought he had never seen a more splendid face and figure. The face was of a deadly paleness—the brow especially showing like a clear pale marble beneath the clustering masses of raven hair. The features appeared even more refined and intellectual than was their wont; and the beautiful expression which sat upon them, and shone forth from his deep and melancholy eyes, was such as naturally takes captive the hearts of men, and fills with devoted enthusiasm the souls of women.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw!" exclaimed one of the officers in attendance, to Pemberton; "and the most gentle and winning."

"I am glad you have come in good time, Arthur," said André with a serene composure. "You see I mean to die in the dress of a British officer. How is Helen this morning?"

"She is still lying unconscious—but we think she is rather better."

"Thank God! Do not forget what I told you about the miniature. What a sad ending to her happy dream! But I must not think any more of that—save to feel that her proud eyes are upon me, to see that I blench not nor tremble in this closing hour."

Pemberton's heart was ready to burst, but he knew his duty to his friend too well to allow his sorrowful feelings to master him for a moment.

"To the brave, true soul, John, all that man can do is nothing. The heart right, and the conscience clear, as yours are, my friend, and we can say well-met to death, without a shudder."

"Are you ready, Major?" said one of the officers.

"I am ready!" replied André proudly.

As André emerged from his prison into the free, fresh air, he took a deep breath, and gazed up into the beautiful blue sky above him, hazy and golden with the glory he so much loved of an October day. He walked arm-in-arm between the two officers, Pemberton walking near him. A captain's command of thirty or forty men marched immediately around them, and André glanced expressively to Pemberton when he saw these, for he thought they were the firing party, and that his last request had been granted.

An outer guard of five hundred men also attended, at the head of which rode nearly all the principal officers of the army, with the exception of Washington and his staff, who from a feeling of delicacy remained indoors. Large crowds of the soldiery, and of the citizens from the surrounding country, also were present.

As André passed on, he retained his composure in a wonderful degree—nodding and speaking pleasantly to those officers with whom he was acquainted; especially to those who had constituted the court-martial.

The gallows had been erected on the summit of an eminence that commanded a wide view of the surrounding country. It was also in full view of Washington's head-quarters; but the doors and shutters of the latter were closed—not a soul was to be seen, save the usual sentinels pacing in front of the house.

As the mournful procession turned from the high road into the meadow, André first saw the gallows. He suddenly recoiled, and paused for a moment.

"I thought you meant to spare me this indignity!" he exclaimed, almost passionately.

"We have simply to obey our orders," replied one of the officers.

"Gentlemen, you are making a great mistake," cried Pemberton to a couple of higher officers, who were walking near.

"If we are, we are doing it honestly, and because we think it our duty," replied one of them.

André moved on. "I must drink the cup to the dregs, it seems," he said with deep emotion. "But it will soon be over." The pleasant smile however had vanished from his face. It was evident that what he thought was a needless indignity, cut sharper than the sentence of death itself.

The gallows was simply a rude but lofty gibbet, with a wagon drawn under it. Inside the wagon was a roughly-made coffin, painted black. As André stood near the wagon, awaiting some brief preparations, his agony seemed almost more than he could bear—his throat sinking and swelling as though convulsed, while he rolled a pebble to and fro under one of his feet. Lanne, his servant, totally overcome, burst out into loud weepings and lamentations. This seemed to rouse and restore his master, who turned to him, and uttered some cheering and comforting words. All around there were solemn faces, and many were even in tears.

At a word from one of the officers, André flung his arms around Pemberton's neck, and kissed him, and sprang lightly but with evident loathing into the baggage-wagon, standing upon the coffin. Then he looked around him—upon his executioner, with his blackened face; upon the saddened soldiery and the mournful crowd; upon the glorious landscape, resplendent with the hues of Autumn, and melting gradually away into the hazy distance. The old, proud look came back into his face—and he seemed more like a hero, mounted in the car of triumph, and prepared to receive the acclamations of his followers, than a man about to suffer a shameful death.

The executioner approached him, but he waved him away with a grand disdain, and tossing his hat to the ground, removed his stock, opened wide his shirt-collar, and taking the noose adjusted it himself properly about his neck. On his face was a proud disgust as he did this—as if he said without useless words, "You have the power; and though you use your power meanly, I am man and soldier enough to submit to it!" Then he bound his handkerchief over his eyes.

The order of execution was read loudly and impressively by Adjutant-General Scam-

mel. At its conclusion, Colonel Scammel informed the prisoner that he might speak, if he had anything to say.

Lifting the bandage from his eyes, and gazing around once more, as if that last look of earth and sun and sky and human faces was sweet indeed, André said in a proud, clear voice:—

"Bear witness, gentlemen, that I die in the service of my country, as becomes a British officer and a brave man."

The hangman now drew near with a piece of cord to bind his arms; but, recoiling from his snaky touch, André swept his hand aside, and drawing another handkerchief from his pocket, allowed his elbows to be loosely fastened behind his back. Then he said in a firm voice—"I am ready!"

Almost at the word, the wagon was rolled swiftly away, and, with a terrible jerk and shock, the noble soul of John André was severed from the beautiful frame with which the Creator had clothed it.

And there was a solemn stillness through all the multitude gathered around, broken only by the sound of weeping. For all felt that this was no common man; and that he had done nothing worthy of death. Only that it was necessary that he should die for the good of their country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Colonel Bradley's Sweetheart.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"And it is the strangest thing how she could have hidden them away while my back was turned," Mrs. Bradley said for the sixth time that day. "For I am quite sure I was not half a minute unlocking the drawer of my secretary to get my purse."

Colonel Bradley, the little woman's handsome brother-in-law, covered a yawn with his hand.

"And you are positive the fair book-agent was the thief?" he queried, trying to be interested.

"Positive! why who else could it be? The jewels had been brought in not ten minutes before, and I had laid them out on the table for inspection, when the bell rang, and this lady was shown in. She was an agent for a new book, and she importuned me so earnestly to purchase a copy, that I consented, half out of pity, and half to get rid of her; and I went to get my purse, and she was a long time making change, and then asked me if I would come to the hall door and point out what street she was to take to reach the Methodist Episcopal Church, as she had an order from a lady living just across the street from the church for one of the books; and she was so completely bewildered, and turned around that she did not know the points of the compass. And she talked so fast that I hadn't time to *think* until she was gone; and then I went back into the room, and behold my jewels were *gone*. I made a great cry, and called the police, but though scarcely two minutes had elapsed, no trace of the girl could be found. It is the strangest thing!"

"Pretty, I think, you said," yawned the Colonel.

"Oh yes! and so innocent-looking. She had long yellow hair that tumbled about her shoulders, and her cheeks were red, and her eyes large and blue; she was very slender and frail-looking, and I quite pitied her for being obliged to do such work. Oh, the thief!"

Just then James brought in some letters, and the Colonel was glad that something had happened to hinder his sister-in-law from repeating the story again, as he felt sure she would have done. It was a provoking affair to be sure, but nothing so very bad after all, he thought; for his brother was able to buy more jewels for his little doll-faced wife, and what was the use worrying over the loss of a few hundred dollars.

He broke the seal of his letters lazily—Colonel Ell Bradley did everything lazily—and read them one by one.

The first was from his old friend Tom Sanders, who was travelling somewhere in the Arctic regions; the second was from the firm of Scrapum & Skinum, telling him that his suit was postponed to the next term of court; and the third was from—"Aunt Helen." He ejaculated, as he broke the seal, "Wonder what she has to say now? Another wife prospect, doubtless."

Sure enough he was right.

"Dear Nephew Ell," the note ran, "I want you to come down as soon as ever you can; I have found just the wife for you at last. You remember little Manie Eaton, don't you, who used to be your playmate ten years ago? Well, she is here visiting us—a full blown young lady, and the prettiest thing you ever saw, not a bit vain or silly. I am sure you will admire her, and it would be *such* a suitable marriage for you; she comes of a splendid family. Now be sure and come down, at least for a few weeks. There are few gentlemen here, and it is quite lonely for the girls. Manie sends regards, and promises not to plaster your face with mud, as she remembers of doing once upon a time. Of course she does not know what I have written to you. Affectionately, your aunt."

Colonel Bradley laid the letter down and stroked his moustache meditatively. He had been pining for a change. All the girls in his set had been flirted with again and again, and he was longing for new faces and fresh hearts to play with. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to run down to Gainstown for a few weeks!

The morning train left the depot at just ten minutes past six. "An unreasonable hour for a fellow to be routed," yawned Colonel Bradley, as he made his toilet at half-past five, just two hours earlier than he was accustomed to rising. He had barely time to eat a bite of breakfast and get to the depot and buy his ticket. It was a glorious June morning, and the car was crowded. Many people were leaving the city for summer resorts. He walked the whole length of the car before finding an empty seat; and he had barely sat down, when a soft voice said, "May I occupy this seat beside you, sir? It is the only one left."

He looked up into such a pretty face! young and fair, a trifle pale, and framed in a mass of short dark curls. "Certainly," he said, and arose to give her the seat next the window. All aboard, ding dong, away they steamed.

Colonel Bradley stole a glance at his companion, but she was looking out of the window, and he could only see the pretty kinked hair that crisped around the rim of her dainty hat, the slope of her plump shoulder, and one ungloved hand, that rested on her lap, white and smooth and soft. The young lady was not inclined to be sociable; but after a few trials, Colonel Bradley succeeded in drawing her into conversation, and discovered that she was well-spoken, as well as modest and sweet-voiced.

When the conductor came around for the tickets, Colonel Ell stole a glance at hers, and was surprised to find that it was labelled "Gainstown," like his own. After the conductor passed on, he turned to her, remarking:

"I am glad to see that your destination is also mine. I am going to Gainstown."

"Indeed!" she said, flashing her dark blue eyes up to his face, and then turning to the window again.

"She doesn't like my remarks," soliloquized the Colonel. "Thinks I'm impertinent. But I'm not going to be beaten in this way. Were you ever at Gainstown?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes," the young lady answered, without turning her head.

"Your home, perhaps?" ventured the Colonel.

"No, but I have a friend living there, and I am going on a visit and to rest a few weeks."

"Ah! then I hope to meet you again," bowed the Colonel. "I, too, am going to spend a few weeks in the quiet little village. Possibly you may know my relatives—Mrs. Hollis, my aunt, and her daughter, Carrie?"

"No, I am not at all acquainted in the place," the young lady responded. "I merely passed through it once, some years ago. I have no acquaintances there, save my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Somers."

"Somers?" repeated the Colonel. "I do not recollect any one of that name in Gainstown; and I am pretty thoroughly acquainted with all the people."

"They have resided in the place but a month or two," the lady answered, and turned her face away, as if to put an end to the conversation.

But the Colonel broached a new subject, and drew her on, till the two were on very sociable terms, and by the time "Gainstown" was announced by the brakeman, the impressible heart of Colonel Bradley had photographed the fair face of the lady-traveler, and he had decided that if there was a possible way to bring it about, he should cultivate this young lady's acquaintance at Gainstown, Manie or no Manie.

He watched, and saw her walk up the street with a tall, bearded man, who was waiting upon the platform when the cars stopped, and then he betook himself to his aunt's residence, ordering his trunk to be carried up immediately.

Aunt Helen—who owned the largest and finest residence in Gainstown—was delighted to see her elegant nephew, and, after the Bible custom, fell upon his neck and kissed him in her joy. "You good creature," she cried, "to come right along. I shall never forget it in you, and I am sure you will never repent it. Come right up to your room and clean yourself up, for dinner will be served in an hour."

After removing the dust of travel from his garments, and giving a last twirl to his glossy moustache, Colonel Bradley went below. Hearing the sound of a piano, he sought the parlor, and found himself at the door looking at the graceful figure of a young lady, who sat before the instrument playing something loud and dashing, and singing a tra-la-la air at the same time. It was not his Cousin Carrie, for she was tall and queenly, and this girl was *petite*, and had flossy brown hair, reaching half-way down to her waist. Colonel Bradley was about to retreat, when the young lady whirled around upon the piano-stool and stood face to face with him. She blushed a little, but came forward and held out her hand.

"Colonel Bradley, I suppose," she said. "Your aunt told me you had arrived. I used to know you quite well; I am Manie Eaton. We need not wait for a formal introduction, I suppose."

How easy and graceful she was—how fresh and fair. One look in the sweet, brown eyes, and his travelling companion was quite forgotten. Aunt Helen was delighted when she came in and found them conversing so merrily. Not until the next morning at breakfast did the Colonel's mind go back to his unknown fair.

"By the way, auntie," he asked, "do you know any people here by the name of Somers?"

"Somers? Oh, yes. Professor Somers and his wife—they are musical people, and live just the other side of the village. He teaches vocal, and she instrumental music; they seem to be quite pleasant people, though not inclined to be sociable. I called upon her some weeks ago, but she has not returned the call. Why did you ask?"

Colonel Bradley related the story of his travelling companion, and then the subject was dismissed, though not from his mind. He was constantly planning how to make the acquaintance of these people. He might just as well be carrying on two flirtations as one during his sojourn at Gainstown. It was a sheer waste of time to have only one young lady to play the gallant to—he, who had been devoted to three at one time, season after season, and found it no task at all. For, if you have not seen before, you will see now, that Colonel Ell Bradley was a male flirt, and prided himself upon his abilities in that line.

Fortune favored him. The third day of his arrival, Mrs. Somers returned his aunt's call, and he chanced to be in the parlor at the time, and was introduced. Mrs Somers was a very handsome women, of thirty or thereabouts, and had evidently seen something of good society. She made a pleasant call, and as she arose to go, urged the young people to come and spend an evening at her home.

"I have a young friend from the East visiting me," she said, "and while she stays I would like to have her enjoy it. Come and call on her at least, do." The young people promised, and before the week had passed, Colonel Bradley reminded his cousin of the promise, and the three young people spent an evening at Prof. Somers. Prof. Somers was absent, but his pleasant wife, and her charming friend—Miss Leonora Edgerton—proved themselves able to entertain guests very agreeably. Miss Leonora Edgerton, was even more lovely than Colonel Bradley had thought. Such a beautiful figure—rounded and plump and graceful; and such sweet eyes, and soft dark hair, and she was so polished, and yet so modest. The young people were all charmed with her.

Colonel Bradley did not forget the way to Professor Somers' door. Scarcely a day passed, that did not see him seated by Miss Edgerton, playing the devoted cavalier. She was so shy, and kept him at such a distance, that he was getting very much interested. Now Manie met his advances half-way, and was so willing to receive his attentions, and took them so as a matter of course, that it knocked the edge off from the flirtation, but Miss Edgerton was captivating in her shy modesty and bashfulness.

Mrs. Somers took the Colonel aside one day, when Leonora was absent from the room. She had escaped from him, as he went to kiss her hand, and ran out into the garden, and Mrs. Somers entering just then, whispered in his ear, "You must pardon Nora, dear colonel, for her shy ways. She is quite excusable, for her parents have never permitted her to receive the addresses of gentlemen, because she is heiress to a considerable fortune, and they have feared her falling into the hands of a fortune hunter. Consequently, they have never allowed her to mingle with society, to any extent, and the attentions of gentlemen are quite new to her. Now I would not have her know I told you this for the world, but I felt that you ought to have the meaning of her shy ways explained, lest you should think she disliked you."

"An heiress!" pondered Colonel Bradley, as he wended his way home. "And she has sought this retired spot to spend a few weeks away from the world of fashion, and to see, perhaps, if any man would love her for herself. Heigho! I wonder if it isn't time I was thinking about settling down in life." He found Manie making believe weed the garden, when he reached home, looking perfectly bewitching in her jaunty hat and short costume. She was a pretty thing, and he did not find it hard to play the agreeable for an hour, but still his mind *would* wander off to Leonora. He wondered if he was getting in earnest at this late day, and concluded that he was, and he wondered if Leonora cared the least bit in the world for him.

He called on her the next day. She was reading a letter, when he surprised her by the rustic gate. She started as his shadow fell on the ground before her, and turned with flushed cheeks.

"How you frightened me," she said.

"Did I?" he laughed. "Go on with your letter; no doubt you are anxious to hear what he has to say."

"He!" with an innocent look, "it is from mamma. She is so worried that I do not write oftener. I really must be more prompt, but I find it such a task to write letters. Poor mamma, she is so lonely without me. I ought to be thinking of going back."

"Oh, not yet," Colonel Bradley exclaimed, "we cannot spare you." He put his hand over one of hers that rested on the gate.

She did not draw hers away until he reached out to take the other, when she stepped back, saying—

"Let us go in. The dews are falling."

"In another moment I should have spoken," mentally soliloquized the Colonel, in a rage. "She always stops me just at that point. But I will not be balked in this way."

She had made him more eager than she could have done in any other way.

Professor Somers was out of town; he was out a great deal. Mrs. Somers discreetly betook herself out of the room, and the Colonel was alone with Leonora. He had determined to speak, and he *did* speak. Eloquently and well, as Colonel Bradley always spoke.

"I love you," he said, holding both of her hands so fast that she could not get them away. "And I want to marry you. Is there any hope?"

"I—I don't know—I am so unprepared," faltered Nora.

"But you *must* give me hope," insisted the Colonel. "I cannot go until you give me just a word."

"I will give you my answer to-morrow," whispered she; "and—and you need not feel so very—still I must have time to think."

And with this lucid explanation, Colonel Bradley was obliged to be content.

It was late before he fell asleep that night, and early when he awoke. He was strangely restless all the morning, counting the minutes until a reasonable hour should arrive, in which to make his important call. What if she *should* say no!

But she did not. With blushes, and smiles, and faltering words, she told him that she would answer "yes" to his suit, on condition that he would keep it a secret from all save Professor Somers and his wife.

"I could not bear to have every one gossiping about us," she explained. "I am so sensitive, and this seems so sacred to me; you must not tell your friends even, until I give you permission."

Colonel Bradley promised, and kissed the beautiful mouth to seal the compact.

"In a few days," he said, "I will bring the ring. I will send for it to-day!"

In a few days the ring came. A splendid cluster of diamonds, worth a little fortune. Leonora went into ecstacies. She had a passion for jewelry, she said, but had never worn but little, for fear of being accused of display. But jewels that were the gifts of love she should never hesitate to wear.

Colonel Bradley understood from this that she was willing to accept gifts, and as he was generous to a fault to those he loved, he loaded her with costly presents.

After the ring, came bracelets to match; clusters of diamonds set in filagreed gold; and next a little bijou of a locket on a gold chain, and then a dainty lady's watch and all its belongings. Leonora went into such rhapsodies of childish delight that it did Colonel Bradley's heart good to hear her. And then she gave him such tender kisses, and called him such endearing names, too, whenever he made her a present! She was not shy or bashful any more, but as loving and confiding and demonstrative as his heart could wish.

Ah! he was a very happy man those days, and he enjoyed the secrecy of the thing full as well as she did.

How surprised his friends would all be, when the time came that he could show them his royal blossom of womanhood.

And all the time he was flirting with Manie Eaton, and saying pretty meaningless things to her, just to see her flush and flutter, and to keep Aunt Helen from suspecting anything in the other quarter.

One day Leonora sat by his side, turning over the leaves of a fashion magazine, and coming to a figure that pleased her, she said, "Oh! how I would like a dress like that, it is so pretty—that delicate drab would be so becoming to me in silk."

A few days later the pattern for a full costume in just that shade of silk was laid in her hands by Colonel Bradley, and Leonora nearly smothered him with kisses.

"And now you must repay me by naming our wedding day," Colonel Bradley pleaded.

Leonora demurred, but after some teasing decided upon October. "I must go home first, you know," she said, "and tell dear mamma and papa about it, and then you may tell your friends after I am gone."

Two more golden weeks glided by, and then Colonel Bradley had something of a shock. He had slept late that morning; the evening before he had spent with Leonora. It was perhaps nine o'clock when his aunt tapped at the door, saying that there was a gentleman below who wished to see him. Making a hasty toilet he went below, wondering who it could be. A stranger whom he had never seen stood in the parlor when he entered.

"You are Colonel Bradley?" he queried, coming forward.

"I am, sir."

"Then I would like a little private talk with you, if it suits your convenience."

"Very well, sir, proceed."

The stranger cleared his throat, walked across the floor a few times, and then sat down, only to start up again.

"You are acquainted with a Miss Edgerton—Miss Leonora Edgerton, are you not, sir?" he asked at length.

Colonel Bradley started. "I am, sir," he answered stiffly.

The stranger cleared his throat again. "Were you aware that she had left the place, sir?"

"Left the place?" echoed the Colonel. "You are mistaken. I spent last evening in her presence."

"Yes, no doubt—I know. But she and her friends left on the midnight train."

Colonel Bradley started to his feet. "Sir!" he began; but the stranger interrupted him.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but to save myself the trouble of explaining, and you of listening to an unpleasant story, I beg you read this letter, which will tell you all."

Colonel Bradley took the proffered letter wonderingly, and began to read. We will read, too:

"GAINSTOWN, July, 187-.

"*Dear Mam:*

"I 'spose you wonder what has become of your Poll, and I must let you know all 'bout it. I am getting along splendid, now, in a dull, little village place. I've bin up to my old tricks, and am kepping shady for awhile, till all the excitement blows over. You see, after I left you the last time, I made a good haul, with Mate and Bob, in a jeweller's store; we were all dressed like boys. When I took to selling books, dressed up in those long yellow curls you know, and wherever I went, I managed to lift something. One place I picked up some splendid jewelry, an' then I had to lite out I tell you. Hid all night in a underground house, and just at daylight got away and changed my rig for one of my others, this time with dark, short curls. Mate and Bob wrote me that they had set up down here as music teachers until the jewelry store robbery should blow over, so I cum down to stay with them. Got acquainted with a rich chap on the way, and now I'm engaged to him! His name is Colonel Bradley! He's given me heaps of gold rings and bracelets, and a watch, and a silk dress; and I've promised to marry him in October. He thinks I'm a heiress. You know I can play lady splendid, if I can't write down my thoughts much. Well, Mate and Bob and I are going to stay here a few weeks longer, and then we're going to light out. I won't tell where now, but you shall know sometime. Give love to Tim, and tell him to keep cheerful.

"Yours, POLL."

(They call me Leonora Edgerton here, and Bob, Prof. Somers. Oh dear!)

The look of scorn, and disgust, and contempt upon Colonel Bradley's face deepened until it blotted out every other expression.

"Where did you get this letter?" he asked.

"From the New York post-office," the stranger responded. "I am a detective, and have been endeavoring to trap this cunning band for some time. I had suspected an old woman, who lives in a back alley, as an accomplice, and I watched the office and intercepted this letter. I came down here immediately, but found myself just some hours too late. My friends left at twelve last night, of course so disguised by this time, that descriptions are worse than useless. We've lost them again. I am sorry for the police and detectives who have been on the watch, sorry for the community where they are going, and sorry for you, sir."

"Save your pity," said Colonel Bradley quietly. "I do not need it. I only ask you to keep my share in the affair to yourself if you want to do me a favor. Good-day, sir."

The stranger went his way; and Colonel Bradley answered Aunt Helen's and Manie's and Carrie's queries by telling them the choice bit of news, of *course* not informing them of his share in the great "sell."

It was a nine-days wonder, and the whole village was in an uproar. Some declared that they "always suspected something was wrong," and others would not credit the startling news until it was thrice told.

Colonel Bradley thanked his stars that his "sweet secret" *was* a secret then. "Sold, sold, sold" rang in his ears the last thing as he sank to sleep, and "sold, sold, sold" was the song that haunted him all day.

He stayed a few weeks longer at Gainstown, and just before leaving proposed to Manie. She was "so sorry," "hoped he would forgive her if she had encouraged him in any way," &c., &c., "for she was already engaged to be married to another man."

"Wicked little flirt," growled Colonel Bradley. "Sold again by all that's mean. Twice in one summer, and at this time of life too. But thank heaven the *first* and *worse* sell is a secret." But somehow the secret got out at length, and he was plagued until he swore he would *wing* the first man that dared mention the "fair unknown" to him again.

Colonel Bradley was not married at last accounts.

REPAID.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAY KESTLER DALLAS.

"No, Elson, I don't think you are acting quite the gentleman in regard to Annie Gray. She is but a child, and as innocent as a baby in the art of flirting. If you wish to try your powers in that line, why don't you take up arms against some of the gay, heartless coquettes with which this place is swarmed. There's Kate Leslie, Maud Fulton, Mary Dubois, and a number of others, all willing to have a lark with the rich and handsome artist."

"Now, Dick, old boy, don't be too hard on a fellow. Those gay butterflies tire me. I want something new. Annie is such a pretty little thing, and her simplicity amuses me. She is only my sister's servant, and of course she don't expect that I mean anything serious. She is pleased with my attentions, and just like all the women, always ready to fall in love with every nice-looking chap they chance to meet. I should not be surprised if she would meet me to-night with a frown and a cold how do you do? And to-morrow smile lovingly on you."

"Frank Elson, you have no more heart than a mummy. Can't you see that that child is passionately in love with you? One look into her sweet eyes will tell the story. Poor child, she might as well have thrown her affection away on a marble image as to bestow it on one like you. At least be man enough to undeceive her before the knowledge that you are only trifling with her gives her too much pain."

"Good Lord! man, to hear you talk one would suppose that I had been guilty of some dreadful crime, the greatest villain in the States, just because I've been amusing myself with a servant maid."

There was a ring of scorn in his tones which aroused the quick blood in Richard Sword's veins, and he replied hotly:

"And so you are a villain, if you play with the affections of that innocent child."

There was an angry flash on his face, which boded no good, and Frank Elson, not wishing to provoke the anger and thereby lose the friendship of the young lawyer, said laughingly, while he knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar:

"Well, Dick, since you take this matter so much to heart, I will let Miss Annie understand, in the most delicate manner possible, that our friendship must end. Do you know, Dick, although I treated the subject so lightly, that I do really care for the child; and if it was not for my family, I almost think I would be tempted to marry her. No woman ever inspired me with the same feeling she does. What a great pity it is that she is nothing more than a servant."

"She is a thousand times better than any of the painted dolls we have here, and a more perfect lady than any of them. I am much mistaken, or Annie Gray has been reared to be waited upon, rather than to be the servant of others. Did you notice how very small and white her hands are?"

"Yes, Dick; and my sister also remarked it. By George, I wouldn't be surprised if she has run away from home. My sister knows nothing about her. She employed her two weeks ago, through the recommendation of one of her lady friends. When I come to think of it, no poor girl could have obtained the education which she possesses. My suspicions have been aroused, and I am determined to try and find out something about her. When I first saw the young girl she was reading a letter written in French, for one of the servants. I promised Captain Justian, that we would ride with him this evening. Will you come?"

"Yes; I want to see the Captain about the Trescot estate."

The two young men rose and entered the hotel-parlor, just as a slender, white-robed, girlish figure glided swiftly out of one of the low windows. She quickly disappeared behind the dense shrubbery of the summer-house, and sinking into one of the low seats, she drew a long, shuddering breath.

She was apparently about sixteen. The round, sweet face was very white, and the scarlet lips were tightly compressed. There was a dangerous gleam in the blue eyes, as she muttered under her breath:

"Only a *servant!* The contemptible flatterer; I will repay him for this, or die in the attempt."

A few moments after she passed out, and met Frank Lester Elson and Richard Sword on their way to Captain Justian's.

Annie met the young artist with bright laughing eyes and sweet smiles. She returned Dick's deep bow with a slight inclination of the head, but the lawyer saw a look in her eyes that puzzled him for a long time after.

She tripped along towards the house; and the young men continued their walk in the direction of the Captain's cottage.

When Frank Elson returned to the hotel late that evening, his sister flew to him, with the intelligence that Annie Gray, her children's nurse, had left that evening.

"Oh! Frank, what shall I do! Annie was a perfect treasure. I'll never get another one like her."

"Probably she might be induced to return. Did she leave her address?"

Frank asked the question quietly, but there was a queer feeling at his heart.

"No; she didn't tell me where she was going. I even offered her higher wages, but nothing would induce her to remain."

Mrs. Hoffman ran out to meet her husband, and Frank was alone. His sweet little wild-rose had flown. He would miss her; for the feeling at his heart told him that he loved her.

Six months later Frank Elson was seated in Dick's town office, talking over the fortunate young lady, who, by the death of her grandfather, became heir to his vast wealth.

"I am going to call on her this evening, to give her the account of the estate. Will you come?"

"Well, I don't care if I do. Is she handsome?" asked the artist, stroking his yellow moustache.

"I never saw the lady myself, but rumor says she is quite young, and very pretty. You can judge for yourself this evening," answered the lawyer.

The town-clock had just pealed forth the hour of eight, as our two friends were shown into the brilliantly-lighted parlor of the Trescot Mansion, while their cards were conveyed to Miss Trescot.

The artist was as handsome as ever, but his gay, careless manner was gone. He had searched everywhere for Annie Gray, but his efforts were in vain. He found no trace of her. It grieved him much, for he discovered that he loved her fondly, and would marry her at any cost. His proud family and her position in life was forgotten. Her pure love was all he longed for.

There was the rustle of silken robes as the door opened to admit Miss Trescot.

Both young men rose instantly, but as their glance rested upon the young lady, they stood still. Frank came forward with outstretched hand, saying eagerly, while his eyes lit up with a wild joy:

"Annie Gray! Is it possible. At last I've found you."

The color deepened in her cheeks, but she answered haughtily, with a proud inclination of her head:

"Not Annie Gray—Miss Trescot, if you please."

His outstretched hand fell listlessly to his side, as he stood looking at the fair girl in blank amazement.

Miss Trescot advanced toward the astonished lawyer. She held out her hand, saying sweetly:

"I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. Sword, and thank you for your noble defence of a *servant*."

His hand closed over hers, and the eloquent look he bent upon her, expressed his pleasure more fully than simple words could have done.

"Miss Trescot, by some means you have learned the conversation which passed between Mr. Sword and myself, the day you left my sister's employ. But believe me when I say that I've bitterly repented of the words I used. I searched everywhere for you to ask you to marry me, but found no trace of you, until this evening. Won't you forgive me? I ask nothing more, for I know you hate me, and I deserve it. But ere we part—" his voice choked, and he walked hastily to the window, ashamed of his emotion.

She looked after him; pity taking the look of scorn in her eyes.

Miss Trescot glided to the young artist's side, and laying her hand upon his arm, said softly:—

"I do not hate you, Mr. Elson, and I'm truly glad to meet you again as a friend."

Frank grasped the white jeweled hand, and a bright, eager look crept into his eyes as she spoke; but, as the word *friend* fell upon his ear, the light died out, and a hopeless expression settled over his face.

"I freely forgive you, but all the affection I ever felt for you, died a sudden and violent death, when I accidentally overheard you and Mr. Sword conversing about Annie Gray. No doubt you think it very strange," she continued, "why one who had been reared to a life of ease and luxury, should seek employment as a common servant. I will tell you what motive prompted me to take such a step. My grandfather sent for me one day, and informed me that he had chosen a husband for me, and if I did not consent to marry him, I would never receive a penny from him. I became very angry, and told him plainly that I would rather starve than marry a man I hated. I determined to leave my home, and accordingly acquainted a lady friend of my intention; receiving her solemn promise to keep my secret. She gave me a letter to your sister, who employed me at once. I met you, and thought you all that was true and perfect. There I also met the man my grandfather willed that I should marry. I found him a gentleman in the true sense of the word. Becoming disgusted with my life as a servant, I returned to my home; my dear grandfather freely forgiving my little adventure."

As she ceased speaking, the young lawyer drew near. Bowing low before the heiress, he said quickly, while a flush swept over his face:—

"Miss Trescot, your grandfather surely informed you that the person whom he had done the great honor to choose for the husband of his granddaughter, had declined to accept the honor until he had formed the acquaintance of the young lady, and had won her heart and her free consent to become his wife."

"Yes, Mr. Sword," Annie replied, a vivid blush dyeing her cheeks. "Dear grandpa told me how nobly you had acted, even refusing to be mentioned in the will."

"I was only just, Miss Trescot; the money was rightfully yours, and I would have been a villain to act otherwise. If you will lend me a few minutes, I will give you an account of your estate."

The lawyer drew out a package of papers as he spoke, and taking a seat on the sofa beside Annie, he began to explain their different meanings to her.

Frank Elson, after bidding Annie Trescot good-bye, bowed to Dick, and took his departure, a wiser if not a happier man.

When he had gone, an awkward silence fell between the two; the color coming and going in the young girl's cheeks, and Dick's heart beating at a rapid rate.

At last Annie buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Dick drew one of her hands gently away from her face, and asked softly:

"What grieves you, Annie?"

She did not answer, but continued to weep.

"I must tell you now or *never;* Annie, I love you. Is there any affection for a great, rough fellow like me in your pure heart?"

There was a passionate feeling in his tones which caused her to dry her tears, and look up at him with bright, loving eyes.

"Yes, Dick; I—do like you."

She hid her face again, but this time it was on her lover's breast, for Dick had drawn her to his heart, and was holding her there closely.

In a year after they were married, and in all New York there was not a happier bride than Annie Sword.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "Sensation shoes" are announced by New York dealers. All that is necessary is to put a number seven shoe on a number nine foot.

☞ Love's young dream—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a very great deal of lying.

☞ Cleveland's superfluous dogs are made up into glue.

☞ The proprietor of a San Jose pleasure-garden offers a prize to the man with the longest nose.

☞ "Come out here, and I'll lick the whole lot of you," said an urchin to some sticks of peppermint in a window.

☞ A Chicago man named Tenney economically writes his name Xy—that is, 10ey.

☞ They make shoes from the skin of the walrus, but an eel is already a perfect slipper.

☞ An original neighbor of old Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy, than when he went out to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

☞ A man in Lansing, Mich., has a crow that associates with the hens and crows like a healthy rooster. Who has a better right to crow than a crow?

☞ The Mariposa man who lost his ear in a fight, and afterwards had it replaced wrong end up, is obliged to stand on his head to hear straight.

☞ Here will be a case of justifiable parricide one of these days. A New York father has named one hapless child Ajax Telamon and the other Agamemnon Achilles.

☞ Among the goods lately purchased by the Indian Commissioners, at New York, were 115,000 yards of "Dolly Varden" prints.

☞ A fellow who had been rejected by a very pretty girl, was heard to say that in his opinion the "Beautiful's No" was a poor poem.

☞ A Michigan Indian was promptly ushered into the happy hunting grounds by a can of nitro-glycerine, which he tried to open with his little hatchet.

☞ An old lady who inquired for "the dollar vardeu" hat, went away sorrowing when the clerk told her that they were just out, but he had plenty of "six dollar vardens."

☞ A correspondent of the Missouri Republican prays for an earthquake to start the Claflin family out of New York.

☞ Chicago has a Chinese laundry, and it is said to be Ah Sin to see how the stalwart washermen sprinkle clothes by ejecting water between their teeth.

☞ They have a rather singular railroad in East Tennessee. A newspaper at Jonesboro speaks of that place as its "terminl." It is not one time in a thousand that you find a railroad with both ends sticking into the same town.

☞ All the state-rooms in the Cunard steamers are engaged up to the 1st of December by persons returning from Europe.

☞ "Shoo Fly" has lit at last on an Iowa village.

☞ A person recently visiting a village in New Hampshire, saw a notice conspicuously posted up, which read as follows: "Cum into my inclosbure two lite Red yelling heffers. I should be glad when the oner takes them away."

☞ A vessel left San Francisco for China, a short time ago, *freighted* with the bones of dead Chinamen.

☞ By a mirage lately, the shore of Long Island was distinctly visible at New Haven.

☞ A Chinese poem, Li-Sao, written 2200 years ago, is said to prove that America was known to the Chinamen of that day.

☞ The song of the political officials is noted down after this fashion:

THE lives of great men all around us,
Tell us that no prudent man,
Will ever let his little scruples
Stop him from stealing all he can.

☞ A Western editor, in telling about a Mr. Johnson's running after a stolen horse and buggy, says, "that the timothy that hankered to sprout under his No. 11s, would have required a special contract with nature. The pebbles in his path were violently torn from their little beds, and communed with the back of his head in the most social manner imaginable."

☞ Snooks has found "still another link" in the chain of evidence of the affinity between man and the lower orders. He affirms that he has actually seen a spider trying to get up a corner on cobwebs!

☞ The arrivals at Saratoga average a dozen per day—principally bridal parties.

☞ At Niagara the authorities have intimidated the hackmen, who are now humble and respectful.

☞ At the opening of a breach of promise case in Kentucky, the Court asked the counsel for the plaintiff how long the trial would probably last. "I can't say, exactly," replied the counsel, "but will mention as one item that I have three hundred and eighty-four love-letters, written by the defendant to my client, to read."

☞ A great sword, about two yards long, has been found near Lutzen, in Prussia. The guard or hilt is protected by a serpentine bar twenty inches in length, and on the blades there are hooks, probably for dragging the enemy off his horse.

☞ In Michigan they call bigamy Utahlizing the female sex.

☞ A Virginia editor has seen a cat that can fire off a gun. We never saw a cat perform this feat, but we have seen a catfish.

☞ In New York society circles, engagements are quoted dull and declining, fewer stylish weddings having taken place than in any spring season for years.

☞ A Terre Haute woman, 70 years old, has attended every circus within reach since she was five years old.

☞ A tall man in Sacramento, Cal., who was recently trying a field-glass before purchasing it, drew a crowd of 5,000 persons to see what he was looking at.

☞ When a Missouri woman threatens to pour hot lead into her husband's ear he begins to think about a divorce.

☞ A gentleman in Boston was arrested the other day for beating his horses with a crow-bar five feet long.

☞ A Wisconsin white girl of sixteen has become attached to a roving band of Indians, and will not leave them.

☞ A man in Sioux city claims to have a coin that was current "down in Judea" in the time of Solomon.

☞ When the street scavengers strike, we think it is rather running the thing into the ground.

☞ Farmers and others, who have killed, or contemplate making away with the lightning-rod men who called upon them this summer with notes to sign, will confer a favor by sending their address, with the particulars of each assassination. We will furnish good obituary notices and keep the locality a secret; though any juror who ever purchased rods would acquit the destroyer on the ground of temporary insanity and justifiable homicide.—*Cleveland Leader.*

☞ The University of Oxford, England, will celebrate its thousandth anniversary this year. Popular tradition assigns King Alfred the Great as its founder about the middle of the ninth century.

THE HOUSE'S DARLING.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

O, sweet, shy girl, with roses in her heart
And love-light in her face, like those up grown;
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, stream-like, start
From fits of solitude when not alone!
Gay dancer over thresholds of bright days;
Tears quick to her eyes as laughter to her lips;
A game of hide-and-seek with Time she plays,
Time hiding his eyes from her in bitter eclipse.
O, gentle-souled! How dear and good she is!
Blessed by soft dews of happiness and love!
Cradled in tenderest arms! Her mother's kiss
Seals all her good-night prayers. Her father's smile
Brightens her mornings. Through the earth may move
Her child-sweet soul, not far from Heaven the while!

THROUGH FIRE.

During a residence of several years in New York, I was in the habit of passing some months every summer at one or other of the various watering-places in the vicinity of that city.

In 1848, I spent a few weeks at Babylon, a village on the south side of Long Island, in order to enjoy the Blue-fishing, for which that part of the coast is famous.

In most small country places there will be found some lazy ne'er-do-weel, some "shiftless loafer," to use a common idiom, who neither obtains, nor seeks for, regular employment, but is content to pick up a precarious subsistence by fishing and shooting, after the manner of our old friend Rip Van Winkle, leaving his wife and family—if he have any—to get a living as they best may.

The individual in Babylon who enjoyed a monopoly of the advantages to be derived from being the only loafer in the village, was a half-breed, known as "Indian John." He was a bachelor, and so expert with both rod and gun, that—having no one to provide for but himself—he might have done very well, but for his incorrigible laziness and his love of "fire-water." So long as he had a dime in his pocket, or, failing that, could get credit at the village store for a pint of rum or whisky no money would tempt him to exertion of any kind. Yet, when absolutely driven to it by necessity, he would work, and work hard too, for a brief period; enduring, without a murmur, far more toil and fatigue than a white man would have borne under the same circumstances. But, like all his race, he was, as I have said, incapable of habitual labor. "John," he would say, as soon as he had a piece of silver in his possession, earned or given him—"John no work to-day: John got dollar; John gent'man."

On two or three occasions, when I had been unable to secure the services of one of the regular boatmen, I had engaged John to accompany me on my fishing expeditions. But it was rather reluctantly that I did so, for I felt a species of antipathy to the man, which found some justification in the singularly repulsive expression of his countenance. When one looked at him, indeed, one was reminded of what Quin said of Macklin, "that if Nature wrote a legible hand, he must be a scoundrel."

He was a surly, sullen fellow, too, rarely speaking except in monosyllables, or evincing the slightest interest in what was going on around him. I was, therefore, the more surprised at a little incident which occurred on one occasion when I found myself alone in the boat with him.

We had been fishing for some time with indifferent success, when, thinking that we might do better by putting farther out to sea, I took out my watch, for the purpose of ascertaining how long it would be before the tide turned. As I did so, I observed the eyes of the half-breed fixed admiringly upon it. It was indeed a very pretty trinket, the face being engraved with much taste, while on the back there was a butterfly in blue enamel incrusted with small diamonds. It was, in fact, a lady's watch, and belonged to my sister, who had lent it to me the day I left New York, to replace my own, of which I had broken the spring that same morning—a misadventure there had not been time to repair before my departure.

Even the proverbial stoicism of his race, apparently, had not power to steel the half-breed against the fascinations of the object of his admiration. After a brief struggle to maintain his dignity, he gave way, and asked to be allowed to look at the watch. I, of course, complied with his request, and placed it in his hand that he might examine it at his leisure. He kept it for some minutes, and it was, finally, with manifest reluctance that he returned it. I observed him closely, and could see, by the expression of his eyes, that he had become possessed by one of those almost uncontrollable desires, to which savages, like children, are occasionally subject—it being, obviously, a positive pain to him to part with the watch. However, he had no alternative but to do so; and there the matter ended for the time.

On the morning I had arranged to return to New York, the heat was almost intolerable, and had not important business required my presence in the city the following day, I should most certainly have deferred my journey until the weather was somewhat more endurable. However, I decided to compromise the matter; and instead of taking the 11 A. M. train for Brooklyn, as I had originally intended, I resolved to return to town by the one which left Centreville (the nearest station,) at 8 P. M.; by which hour the sea-breeze would have somewhat cooled the atmosphere.

The railway runs as nearly as possible through the centre of Long Island from Brooklyn to Montauk Point. Thus travellers from any of the villages on the Atlantic are, or rather were—for the facilities of communication have been greatly improved since the time of which I speak—conveyed to the stations by means of omnibuses owned by the proprietors of the various hotels.

I happened to be the only passenger from the hotel that evening for the train. It was not thought worth while, therefore, to make use of the omnibus; but Snedicor, the landlord, promised that a light wagon, *Anglicè* chaise, should be in readiness to convey me to the depôt.

At the last moment, however, an unexpected difficulty presented itself. Who was to drive me? Most of the inhabitants of the village had gone over to Fire Island, it being a gala day in those parts, and amongst them the men belonging to the hotel.

"You couldn't drive yourself, Mr. Wilson, noheow, I suppose?" said Snedicor to me, interrogatively. "You could leave the wagon," he added, "at Van Riper's; his store is just alongside the station—and one of the boys would bring it back in the morning."

"Well," I replied, "I am afraid not. I have only travelled the road once, and there are so many turnings, that I think it not unlikely I might lose myself in these interminable pine-forests of yours."

"Waal, now," rejoined the old man, "I don't know but what I'll hev to go myself; but it's mighty orkard too, I tell you, for I've a big supper to fix to-night for the crowd that's coming."

We were standing on the piazza of the hotel, and while Snedicor was speaking, the half-breed, rifle in hand, but with an empty game-bag, came down the road with the slow slouching gait peculiar to him.

As soon as the landlord saw the man, his face brightened up.

"Oh, here's John," he said; "I thought he had gone over to the island. He doesn't seem to have had much luck; he'll be glad to drive you over to Centreville, I guess, Mr. Wilson.—John," he called out, "I want you to take this gentleman to the station, right away. Can you go?"

"Me go!" said the half-breed. "How much give?"

"A silver quarter!" [twenty-five cents] was the reply.

"And glass rum?" added John.

"Yes, and a glass of rum," rejoined the landlord.

"Rum now?" said the other interrogatively.

"No! When you return," replied Snedicor, adding to me, *sotto voce:* "If I gave it to him now, very probably he would not stir an inch afterwards, but lie right down on the ground, and go to sleep."

The half-breed nodded suddenly, to intimate that he accepted the proffered conditions; and as soon as my luggage had been deposited in the wagon, we drove off, John placing his rifle beside him on the front seat.

That John had been drinking already was tolerably obvious—not that his speech was thick, or his carriage unsteady; intoxication rarely manifests itself in this form in the Indian—but there was a ludicrous assumption of dignity about the fellow—characteristic of his race when drunk—which at once revealed to me his condition.

I pause here to observe, that the motives which induce the white man and the Indian to drink are totally opposite in character. The former drinks from good fellowship, or because he likes the liquor; with him, as a rule, intoxication is the accidental result of over-indulgence. The Indian, on the contrary, drinks simply to *get drunk:* it is but a means to an end. Hence the story of the Comanche brave, who, after imbibing as many glasses of well-watered whisky as his stomach would hold, went to the seller, and in an aggrieved tone said: 'Me full up, and drunk no come yet."

The road, after running along the shore for about three-quarters of a mile, branched off, nearly at a right angle, into the woods; at the expiration of half-an-hour, we came to a spot where it divided into two forks. The half-breed, somewhat to my surprise—for I had an impression that Centreville lay in the opposite direction—took the road to the right. Still I said nothing, knowing that he must necessarily be better acquainted with the way than I was.

Before long, however, I became convinced that we were going wrong. The road, or rather lane, we had entered upon seemed but little travelled, the grass growing in many places in the wheel ruts, which it was scarcely credible to suppose could be the case with a road traversed so frequently as the one between Babylon and Centreville. The forest, too, seemed to become denser and denser. Even at mid-day, the sunlight penetrates but feebly through the masses of foliage which crown the heads of the tall pine trees in these woods; and now, as the evening began to draw in, the darkness was very perceptible.

I was half-disposed to believe that John was really more intoxicated than he appeared to be, and that, notwithstanding the proverbial sagacity of his race in such matters, he had taken the wrong road unconsciously. I therefore decided to speak to him without further delay. I said that it was evident we were going in the wrong direction, and I desired him to turn back at once. The fellow evinced not the slightest disposition to comply with my request, but continued to drive doggedly on, only replying in a sulky tone: "Joun on right path. Know him well; stranger don't."

The situation was becoming awkward. That any individual having Indian blood in his veins could, under any circumstances, lose his way, was not easy of belief to one who had read Cooper's "Leather-stocking" tales, and who, at that time, was a devout believer in the fidelity of his descriptions of the red man. Yet, that the half-breed *had* taken the wrong road I was pretty well certain. Was it not more likely, then, that he had done so intentionally; and if so, with what motive? In an instant, there flashed across my memory the incident in the boat, already referred to. I remembered, too, that when I had looked at my watch that evening, as I was getting into the wagon, there had come suddenly into the half-breed's eyes the same fierce, covetous light I had noticed on the previous occasion. Were his intentions evil, what opportunity could be more favorable for their execution than the one which now presented itself—here, in the heart of the forest, miles from any human habitation; the weapon, too, ready to his hand! Ah! there was the question—and my heart beat quicker as it suggested itself—Was the rifle charged, or not? If not, I would take very good care to prevent his loading it.

But if it were? Well, even then, being on my guard, my chances were not altogether desperate. It is true I was unarmed, my gun—the barrel unscrewed from the stock—being in a mahogany box under the front seat. But I was, I flattered myself, a far stronger man than the half-breed, and, bar fire-arms, I had but little apprehension as to the result of a struggle between us, if I once closed with him. His position, too, on the front seat, with his back towards me, gave me this advantage, that, to attack me, he must turn himself completely round; and his doing so would, I believed, afford me time to place myself on the defensive. I resolved, therefore, the very instant I saw his hand directed towards the rifle, or that he was guilty of any overt act whatever, to grapple with him, and, if possible, make myself master of the weapon.

In moments of peril or extremity, men *think* with extraordinary rapidity, and these reflections, and many others, passed through my mind in a few seconds.

The half-breed still kept driving rapidly through the woods, and, as night was drawing on, I resolved to wait no longer, but to precipitate the issue at once. I therefore peremptorily ordered him to stop, determined to have recourse to force, if necessary, to compel his compliance.

The fellow paid not the slightest attention to me, but applied the lash furiously to the horse's back; we dashed along the road for a couple of hundred yards more, and came suddenly to a large open space, at which the lane apparently ended. The spot was one evidently used for charcoal-burning, for several acres of timber had been cut down, and scattered here and there were piles of wood, arranged in the usual circular form, ready for firing. The road, in fact, was a private one, and only used, at certain periods of the year, by the owners of this portion of the forest to convey the charcoal and fire-wood to market.

As we drove into the clearing, the half-breed reined in the horse sharply, and, before I could guess his intentions, leaped, with extraordinary agility, rifle in hand, out of the wagon.

As I was preparing to follow him, he raised his gun and fired at my head. He was just a second too late; had I still been sitting erect, at the back of the wagon, the ball must, inevitably, have passed through my brain, but I had leaned slightly forward in the act of jumping out, and this saved me. As it was, he aimed just a hair's-breadth too high, and the bullet only grazed my scalp, tearing up the skin and inflicting a wound, which bled profusely, but was otherwise rather painful than dangerous.

Believing myself, for the moment, to be more seriously hurt than I really was, and rendered additionally savage by this very circumstance, I precipitated myself upon the half-breed without a moment's pause; he made a blow at me with the clubbed rifle, but I evaded it and closed with him. He proved to be much stronger than I had anticipated, judging from his height and build, but still no match for me; for, at that period, I was a man of more than average strength, and the Indian rarely possesses the muscle of the white man. In fact, conscious of his inferiority in this respect, he invariably avoids, if possible, engaging in a hand-to-hand encounter with him.

The struggle for the possession of the rifle lasted less than a minute, and having, by one supreme effort, wrested it from my antagonist, uttering a short sharp exclamation at finding himself baffled, he turned and fled into the forest.

For a moment, I was sorely tempted to follow him, for my blood was thoroughly up; but the increasing darkness warned me that this was impracticable. Indeed, familiar as the half-breed doubtless was with every intricacy of the forest, to have pursued him would, under any circumstances, most probably have been futile.

I now looked round me to see what had become of the wagon, for the horse, left to his own guidance, had trotted off as soon as I had quitted the vehicle. I found that he had stopped, of his own accord, about a couple of hundred yards off, and was quietly cropping the grass by the way-side.

I got into the wagon, resolved to return to Babylon at once, and give information of what had occurred, in order that early the following morning the woods might be scoured (and I knew they would be, thoroughly) for the half-breed. Indeed, even had I not felt it my duty on public as well as private grounds to do this, to have continued my journey that night would have been impossible, for, long before I could reach Centreville, the last train would have left for Brooklyn.

The atmosphere was oppressively close; not a breath of air was stirring; and heavy masses of black cloud were slowly rising in the west. Hitherto, I had been too preoccupied to notice these indications of an impending storm; but, now that I observed them, I felt that the warnings they conveyed were not to be disregarded. I hoped, nevertheless, to be able to get back to the village, or, at all events, so far as the open road, along the sea-shore, before the storm burst; for I knew that I should be subjected to considerable inconvenience, if not positive danger, if overtaken by it while in the forest. I, therefore, notwithstanding the darkness, tore along the road at a rapid pace. The horse, indeed, seemed to sympathize with my uneasiness, and scarcely needed urging to put forth his utmost speed.

I had barely ridden a mile, however, when the low mutterings of the approaching storm became distinctly audible. The wind began to sigh mournfully through the trees, until, at the expiration of a few minutes, it suddenly rose to a perfect hurricane; the tall pines bent before the blast like grain in harvest-time; branches, and even limbs, torn from their parent trunks, strewed the road; while, every now and again, was heard the crash of some falling tree, which, weakened with age, was unable longer to withstand the fury of the gale.

Flash after flash of the most vivid lightning I have almost ever beheld succeeded each other in rapid succession, the heavy peals of thunder reverberating over my head; the rain, too, at intervals, came down in heavy showers. It was, in fact, as the Fool says in King Lear, "a naughty night to swim in."

At last, a terrific flash of lightning, followed by the sharp report the electric fluid always makes when it strikes, warned me that a new danger was impending; that a tree had been struck, and that, in all probability, the woods would shortly be on fire. Nor was I mistaken. In less time than I could have believed it possible for the flames to become visible, a lurid glare to the right, apparently about a mile distant, proved that the forest in that direction had become a prey to the devouring element.

No rain had fallen for the previous six weeks, and, notwithstanding it was now coming down rather heavily, the fire spread amongst the dry resinous pine-trees with fearful rapidity, threatening to completely cut off my retreat. Could I, indeed, but once get to the fork of the roads, I knew I should be comparatively safe; for, as soon as I entered the lane leading to Babylon, the wind would face me and drive the flames in the opposite direction. The doubt was, whether I *should* be able to get so far without being intercepted by the fire. Still, it was my only chance, and I drove furiously on, half-blinded by the dense volumes of smoke which rolled across my path, while myriads of sparks shot up, every now and again, from the burning forest.

At last I reached the fork of the roads, but not a minute too soon; for the flames, with an eager, hungry roar were rushing furiously forward, at a right angle with the road, at a distance of less than two hundred yards.

I turned the corner and dashed into the Babylon Road. The danger was past; and it was with a comparatively light heart I drove the remainder of the distance.

The fire proved one of the most destructive ever known in those woods; and, notwithstanding the fact that the rain came down heavily for many hours, swept several hundred acres completely clear of timber, leaving nothing but the charred and blackened stumps of the trees remaining.

The search for the half-breed was unsuccessful; and it was thought that he had quitted that part of the island. But, some days after the fire had subsided, a party of villagers, whom curiosity had led to visit the scene of the late conflagration, came across a small heap of charred bones, among which were several metal buttons and the remains of a powder-flask, which were at once recognized as having belonged to "Indian John." There could, therefore, be but little doubt that, being on foot, the half-breed had been unable to outstrip the flames, and had perished miserably in the burning forest.

WALKING along Superior street with a friend (Artemus Ward) we passed a dilapidated specimen of humanity, who had "Vagabond" written all over him.

"Now," said Artemus, with a look of mingled disgust and pity as he pointed to the miserable fellow, "you wouldn't think that wretched being was, at this moment, the wealthiest man in Cleveland?"

"No!" said the friend, looking at the man with some interest.

"Well, he isn't," returned Artemus, with a comical pucker of the mouth, while his eyes laughed consumedly.

SOME sage or other has said that there is no accounting for tastes. Especially is this true in the matter of pets. Some people are so depraved as to be especially fond of cats, and a man has been discovered in Alabama who was even worse, and had a peculiar weakness for snakes. He collected them of all sorts until his buildings and grounds were overrun with them, and treated them with the uttermost kindness and affection; but he finally learned how sharper than a thankless child it is to have a serpent's tooth stuck into his forehead for he died of the effects, and his widow slaughtered his pets.

☞ Lippincott's Medical Times states that a preventive of sea sickness is to lie down; but it must lie in the proper direction. The sufferer should lie with his head towards the bows, when he will be, during the descent of the ship, in a position in which there is a tendency to reduce the natural supply of blood to the brain. On the other hand, if he reverses his position, then the blood will have a tendency to move from the feet to the head.

☞ The habit of eating arsenic to beautify the complexion is said to be largely on the increase among both sexes in New York.

☞ A good little boy in Ohio gathered chestnuts enough last fall to buy a sewing machine for his widowed mother.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

A SEVEN MONTHS' RUN UP AND DOWN AND AROUND THE WORLD. By JAMES BROOKS. [Written in Letters to the N. Y. Evening Express.] Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. These letters, the author tells us, were all, save one, "written in pencil on Japanese mulberry paper, often pencilled on my hat, sometimes on my knees, and oftener yet on decks, or in the cabins of steamers, roughly rolling and jerking, and then quickly mailed without being read." Whether composed under these circumstances or not, they show the author to be a gentleman who really enjoys travelling, keeps his eyes open, knows what things will be interesting to people at home, and tells them. When we find he tells us a good many things about the countries he visits that nobody else has told us, we let literary style go, and read his letters as we would those of a friend. Here is a paragraph which may be interesting to young ladies, a receipt used by the fair sex in Japan for *blacking their teeth:*—

"Take three pints of water, and having warmed it, add half a teacupful of wine (sake?) Put into this mixture a quantity of red-hot irons; allow it to stand five or six days, when there will be a scum on the top of the mixture, which should then be poured into a small teacup and placed near the fire. When it is warm, powdered gall-nuts and iron dilings should be added to it, and the whole should be warmed again. The liquid is then painted on the teeth by a soft feather brush, with more powdered gall-nuts and iron, and after several applications, the desired color will be obtained."

"Whether the married women like thus to black their teeth or not, is disputed among foreign residents here. The men compel them, however, to do it, whether they like it or not, for it is the great sign by which a man consecrates and shows off his female chattel to the world. Whoever has blackened teeth is not to be touched by other men, on pain of death. The eyebrows of married women, I may as well add here, are shaved, and their lips rouged! (Needs there, then, this penalty of death?)"

"The Japanese women are not pretty; but they have charming natural manners, with beautifully shaped arms, and tiny hands. The young women are all as remarkable for their superb white teeth as the married ones are for their hideous black ones. The custom originated some two or three hundred years ago, and is supposed to show the wife's devotion to her husband. One of the Mikado's wives (so goes the legend) was very lovely, and to show her indifference to her personal appearance, and to prove her love for her husband, blacked her beautiful teeth and shaved off her eyebrows. This was considered such a sacrifice, that all loving wives (not to be outdone by Mrs. Mikado) followed her example. The custom has now become compulsory."

WINDOW GARDENING. Devoted Specially to the Culture of Flowers and Ornamental Plants for Indoor Use and Parlor Decoration. Edited by HENRY T. WILLIAMS. A most attractive book for all lovers of flowers and plants. When we say that on opening its pages at first to some exquisite designs for fern-cases, we were actually seized with the idea of erecting a miniature green-house in the dusty old windows of our sanctum, our readers may obtain some notion of the dangerous enthusiasm this volume is liable to excite. Published by Henry T. Williams, office of "Horticulturist," No. 5 Beekman street, New York; and also for sale by Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut st., Philada.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN FLOWER GARDENER. A Handy Manuel of Flower Gardening for Ladies. By Mrs. S. O. JOHNSON (Daisy Eyebright) Published by Henry T. Williams, No. 5 Beekman street, New York; and also for sale by Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This is also a very attractive and useful little volume for any young ladies who wish to indulge in the picturesque vocation of flower gardening this summer.

THE NETHER SIDE OF NEW YORK; OR, THE VICE, CRIME AND POVERTY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS. By EDWARD CRAPSEY. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. These papers upon the various serious evils with which New York city is afflicted, are not written with the mere sensational object the title might suggest to some. Many of them originally appeared in the Galaxy magazine, and they contain facts and statistics that it is necessary should be known. The author, in dealing with these repulsive subjects, states that he has done so solely with the hope that he might furnish a basis of fact for the social reformers of the future.

CHARLES O'MALLEY. The Irish Dragoon. By CHARLES LEVER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE; OR, THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE FATAL MARRIAGES. A Novel. By HENRY COCKTON, author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for May contains "French Home Life—Language," "A True Reformer, Part III.," "Church Reform," "The Maid of Skher," "The Situation in France," "Statesman in and out of Parliament," etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1872. American Edition. This number contains "The State of English Architecture," "Thomas Carlyle," "Trade with China," "Masson's Life of Milton," "Modern Scepticism—The Duke of Somerset," "The British Parliament; its History and Eloquence," "Diaries of a Diplomatist," "Education, Secularism, and Nonconformity," "Concession to the United States." Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton street, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for April contains "Burns' Rome and the Campagna," "The Royal Institution," "Guizot's Memoir of the Late Duke de Broglie," "Mr. Miall on Disestablishment," "Letters and Discoveries of Sir Charles Bell," "Oceanic Circulation," "The Works of John Hookham Frere," "Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham," "The Claims of the United States." Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

☞ In an article in the June "Galaxy," on "The English at Home," it is stated that at an English dinner table, the discussion turned on the country where the purest English was spoken, but there was no agreement, as representatives of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, all presented a plea for the purity of the language in their own country. It was agreed, however, by all present, that the best French was spoken in Touraine, the best German in Hanover, and the best Italian in Florence.

☞ Prof. Pluto is an Indiana musician.

☞ An Indiana editor locates the Holy Land in Nebraska.

☞ Only eighteen of the first Napoleon's veterans are left.

☞ A lawyer and a constable entering a car on the Savannah and Charleston railroad one day last week, a man in the car hastily rose and leaped from the train, which was going over a trestle bridge at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The officer was not in pursuit of him.

☞ It takes three full-grown excellencies to do Bismarck's work in his absence.

SECRET INSANITY.

A very strange tragedy of recent occurrence in Iowa, is well adapted to throw doubts upon the evidences usually relied on to prove the sanity of prisoners arraigned for crime. Herman Malchau, a resident of Davenport, left his wife and child at home on the 25th, apparently well and happy. They had been married about two years, were much attached to their little boy and to each other, and were regarded by their near neighbors as one of the most harmonious and contented families in the place. When Mr. Malchau returned from his work at noon, his wife had dinner ready for him, and cheerfully spoke to him about the work she had done in the morning in the way of washing the windows and other housewifery. There was no hereditary insanity in her family; there never had been any indication of it in her actions. She had always been jovial and talkative, without any trace of gloom in her nature. Yet, when Mr. Malchau returned to his work after dinner, this happy, devoted wife and fond mother went deliberately to work to destroy the life of her child and herself. She took a water barrel into the house from the yard and half filled it with water, closed the door and window shutters, laid her husband's coat on a bed and placed on it the following note which she had written:—

"Malchau, I don't like to live. I wish every day for my death. How good, good, good you have been to me and child; I have kept this secret; I want you to do likewise; follow me."

When her husband returned from his cooper shop at half-past six, he found everything quiet about the house. The blinds were down and no one came to meet him. Entering the front room, he found and read the note, but thought it a joke. He then passed into the back room, and saw his wife leaning into a barrel which stood near the door. He still took the matter as a jest until he took hold of her and found that she was dead with her head sunk in the water. Stunned, half-crazed, he took the stiff body out and rushed out of doors to look for his little boy. Not seeing him, a fearful thought brought him back again to the fatal barrel, and there he found the dead body of his child. All the details as developed at the Coroner's inquest show this to be a case of insanity—and yet of insanity disproved by every presumption based upon the facts of her life and character, and proved solely by deliberate and secret child-murder and suicide.

☞ A clerk in a grocery store in Manchester, New Hampshire, last week undertook to ascertain the cause of the head of a hogshead of molasses bulging out by striking it with a mallet, when a loud report ensued, and he was thrown violently across the floor and enveloped from head to foot in a flood of molasses. He says he never felt so sweet in all his life.

MARRIED, in Chickamuxen, Charles County, Maryland, by the Rev. W. J. Chiles, Mr. WILLIAM DUNNINGTON and Miss NANNIE MADDOX, all of Charles County, Maryland.

Fairmont, Va., and Lynchburg, Va., papers please copy.

☞ A girl at Janesville, Wis., in her anxiety to find out who was making the music under her window, the other night, fell out, and so scared her serenader that he ran away and left her to her fate.

Ten Reasons.

A hundred reasons might be given why LYON'S KATHAIRON should be used by every intelligent human being in preference to every other preparation for the hair, but ten will suffice. Here they are:—Because it nourishes the fibres, multiplies them and makes them grow; because it thus prevents them from withering and bleaching; because it removes the scurf and dandruff which chokes them as tares choke the golden grain; because it keeps the scalp cool and prevents eruptions; because it renders the hair as lustrous as satin; because it makes it pliant and elastic; because it is a fragrant and delightful dressing; because it does not soil the pillow, the cap, or the hat; because it is without a rival in cheapness, and because no other article sold for the same purpose, in this or any other country, possesses all, or even one-half, of these invaluable properties.

☞ An Indianapolis man writes to his favorite paper: "Please say to the party who made an attempt to burgle No. 368 North Mississippi street, between the hours of two and three o'clock this morning, that if his present infirmity does not interfere with his doing so, to make one more trial at his earliest convenience, and bring his winding sheet and coffin plates with him. I have his burial certificate ready signed by Smith & Wesson in six volumes."

☞ If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples and Blotches, purify your blood by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose. 375

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junel-1y

A Pitiful Condition.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain; but they have no relish for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure. In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

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They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyke, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, and the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

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OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

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Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

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☞ The Wyandotte (Kan.) Herald has a Chinese devil.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872.

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☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.
☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.
☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.
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A NEW NOVELET.

In our next Paper we shall begin a New Serial entitled

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BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SKALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

The many admirers of this romantic writer will, we are sure, take great delight in reading this last production of his gifted pen.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

There was a large children's party at the merchant's house; rich folks' children and great folks' children were there. The merchant, their host, was a man of sense and education; his father, who had originally been a horse-jockey, but honest and thrifty always, had made a great point of his son's having plenty of book-learning. And book-learning the son had, and a good heart besides, but of all this there was less talk than of his money. His house was always full of company; some who had "birth," as it is called, and some who had "mind," some who had both, and some who had neither. But to-day it was a child's party, and among the visitors was a pretty little girl, most ridiculously proud of her father being a groom of the chamber. The servants had taught her this pride, not her parents; they were far too sensible.

"I am a child of the chamber," she said. And then she informed the other children that she had "birth," and affirmed that people who had not "birth" from the first could not by any means obtain it; it was no good reading, being ever so diligent, if you had not "birth." And as for people whose names end with "sen," she declared "nothing can ever be made of them. One must put out one's arms on each side and keep them at a distance—so!" And with this she arched her delicate little arms with the elbows turned out to show what she meant; and the little arms were so pretty! She was a sweet little girl.

But the merchant's little daughter was very angry, for her father's name was Madsen, and she knew that the name ended with "sen; so she rejoined, as proudly as the other, "My father can buy a hundred rix dollars' worth of sugar-plums, and throw them away; can your father afford to do that?"

"Ah, but my father," struck in the little daughter of an author, "can put your father and her father, and everybody's father in the newspaper! think of that! Everybody is afraid of him because he directs the newspaper." And the little girl drew herself up as haughtily as if she were a real princess.

Meanwhile, close outside the open door, stood, peeping in through a chink, a poor boy. Such a fellow as he might not come into the room; he had been turning the spit for the cook, and now had got leave to take a peep through the door at the beautifully dressed children who held this conversation. I don't think it could have been much of a pleasure to him.

"I wish I were one of them!" he thought; and when he heard what they said it made him feel quite low-spirited. Not a penny in the world had his parents; little idea had they of reading a newspaper, far less of writing one; and then, worst of all, his father's name, and consequently his own, ended with "sen." "Nothing in the world could be made of him," he was told. That was sad indeed. And then his "birth" they talked of—what could it mean? had he not been "born" like everybody else?

* * * * *

Many years passed away; the children were now grown-up men and women.

There now stood in the city a handsome house, full of splendid furniture and beautiful works of art. All people were glad to see it, and would even come from a distance for the purpose. And which of the children was the owner of this house? It is not so easy to guess. Why, the house belonged to the poor boy; he had become somebody, spite of the "sen" at the end of his name—for that name was Thorwaldsen.

And the three little girls—the children of the three aristocracies of birth, of money, and of intellect? Well, something good and pleasant was made out of all three, for all three were good at heart; their silly talk that evening at the party was only Children's Prattle.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

EXPENSIVE FUNERALS.

It is the fashion now in London to carry the dead to their graves in open cars or catafalques, and instead of black gloves and scarfs, gray are substituted; the followers of the cars are dressed in gray and silver, black being voted too sombre. These catafalques are described by a correspondent as very handsome affairs, like gala boats on wheels—and the honor of being carried from the temporal to the more lasting home in one is a very expensive affair. This matter of expense is likely to make the catafalque an exclusive fashion, confined to the aristocracy or to more wealthy city people. The accompaniments to the ceremony of being put under ground in London are always costly ones, and often in the case of the head of the family, where things must be done genteelly, the man being a small merchant or government clerk, his widow and children are hampered with a debt difficult to pay, and which often involves a sacrifice of home or household goods. It is a relic of barbarism

☞ A Philadelphia paper says that the course of a certain New York journal "is enough to make a hen smile."

☞ The sharpest newsboy in Chicago is a girl.

DIVIDED.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

If an angel that I know
Should now enter, sliding low
Down the shaft of musing moonlight that rests upon the floor;
And if she should stir and stand,
With a lily in her hand,
And that smile of treasured stillness which she wore;

Should I, falling at her feet,
Brush or kiss her garments sweet;
Would their lowest, least white hem upon me, unworthy, fall?
Or would she guarded stand,
Drop the lily in my hand,
And go whispering, as she vanished, "This is all?"

ANCHORED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have moved just ten times in the last three years and a quarter. You will understand then, why my head is so full of my house and home that it can't hold anything else. It's because I'm anchored at last. Looking over the "lights of other days," it appears to me that I've done nothing but move, move, move, to kingdom-come and back again, for the last ten years. No sooner had the fibers of my being (poetical) struck root in the rich loam of one place, than they were ruthlessly torn out like a Jamestown weed, and thrown upon the starved yellow clay of somewhere else. No sooner did I unpack my old steamboat of a trunk, than I must needs load it up again for some other port. I've moved till I don't know the points of the compass. The sun has never risen in the East since I left my old home in the country. It's apt to rise in the West, or the South, or the North, maybe, but it never comes up in the right place any more. And a many things besides the sun have got in the wrong place since I was a little girl, and still more and more things have a way of looking out of place to me, the older I grow. I don't know whether to laugh or be sorry about it.

"Birdth of a feather gather no moth," says my Lord Dundreary. It's true to the letter, as this hand and seal witnesses. I'm old enough to be a small grandmother, and I've not got the smallest particle of moss gathered. Not enough to make a dollar-store moss-agate sleeve-button. Accursed be the man who invented moving! Let him be a disappointed office-seeker to everlasting and everlasting, this side of Jordan and the next. I think he must have been the original Wandering Jew, doomed to an eternal first of May move, for his sins, always longing for a happy home in one place, and never getting it. I hope he has to get a new stove-pipe every time he moves, and that he is pursued by the infernal malice of inanimate objects till he is half crazy. I hope he has to sleep on the floor and take cold, every time, and that he has to clean every new house he goes into, from top to bottom. I hope he gains his knuckles against things, and gets his best looking-glass broken—that his wife scolds him all night, and goes with her head tied up all day.

Give me an old-fashioned home!

"That prayer hath lain by till it is almost rusty." Reformers of these days say the old-fashioned home is all wrong, that it is selfish and uneconomical, that folks ought to live in squads and platoons, and take floors of houses, and be happy. I am always suspicious of reformers. They are apt to be either knaves or ninnies, and more often knaves than the other. They are both knaves and ninnies when they undertake to turn the old-fashioned home up-side down. It is a reform against nature to turn the human race into a big herd, like a flock of sheep in a pasture. It is innate in the mortal breast to want something—yes, and somebody, too—that is just one's own, and nobody's else in the world. A home shared in common with five hundred people is an outrage on the name of home. A home bought from the earnings of a joint stock company cannot have half or quarter the delicious sense of enjoyment about it that a home has bought with one's own private, individual, sorely-earned dollars. The feeling of absolute ownership, even if you own no more than a rickety table and a three-legged stool, is a delightful sensation, and a perfectly natural one. And when at last a body who has been pounded about the world from pillar to post, for a space of time which seems like about a hundred years,—when this person gets settled down in one fixed place, without the prospect of an eternal, infernal break-up-and-move before him, it is like a sweet rest after a weary pilgrimage. Every article of the furniture which he has collected slowly, and bit by bit, has a history to him. It is his very own, and he has earned it with his own head and hands. A rocking-chair which you have earned and paid for yourself, is no longer a common affair to you, but a rocking-chair of poetry, of romance, and history. The sewing-machine in your sitting-room stands for a conquest in the fight of life, and for just so much patience, frugality, self-denial, and half a dozen other Christian virtues in one bundle. And then the times you have had scraping together money enough to buy that pretty carpet, and the secret pride and gratification it is to you, no mortal knows but yourself. In truth, no mortal can know how it is himself, unless he has tried it.

So I say: Give you and me, give all the world an old-fashioned home! A home of sweet memories and sweeter hopes, one which is our very own, and nobody's else, with a gentle, kindly, courteous home-life, and a few people who love each other to share it. Amen! ZIG.

IN RE BRINKERHOFF.

DEAR POST—I have just received a letter from the thief who stole my pocket-book. He signs himself—"Brinkerhoff, Syracuse, N. Y." I would thank him to write again, and send the pocket-book. ZIG.

A REMARKABLE MYSTERY.

Singular Case of Mistaken Identity.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 7.—West Overton, near here, is in a state of great excitement. A few days ago two men entered a store at West Overton, and purchased a pint of whiskey, the younger of the two, who was well dressed, paying for the same. On the same evening he was found in a state of insensibility—apparently dead-drunk, under the overshot of a stable. He was divested of his coat, and heavily breathing like a drunken man; he looked exactly like a person in the stupor of intoxication, and he was accordingly left as such to sober up at leisure during the night. In the morning, however, he was found in the same condition, and shortly after the man died. On examining the body no marks of violence were discovered, nor anything to excite suspicion of foul play; but his coat was missing, his pockets were turned inside out, and not a thing was left about his person. It was recollected that the young man had paid for the liquor purchased, and a suspicion was at once raised that he had been drugged by his companion, then robbed. The symptoms led to an inference of poisoning by opium in some form, or by some other drug, such as laudanum or sulphate of morphia.

The excitement concerning it has been intense. One man in the crowd gathered around identified the dead man as Hiram Christ, and immediately several saw the features of Mr. Christ in the stranger, while others, however, saw no resemblance, and as positively asserted to the contrary. And here began one of the most extraordinary series of contradictory identifications that has ever been recorded. The father of Hiram Christ was sent for, and as soon as he saw the corpse he declared that it was his son.

Upon examining the body closely, however, the father said he was not certain; his son had a scar on the chin and a toe split, and the dead body had neither. Mrs. Christ was sent for, and she, too, identified the corpse as the body of her son. About this time the father recollected that his son had purchased a pair of boots, and that when he came from the store he complained of one being too light, and that on examining the boots one was found to be number seven and the other number eight. In an instant the boots of the dead man were examined, when, wonder of wonders, one was found to be number seven and the other number eight. The sisters were now sent for, who said it was their brother, and while the perplexing dispute was going on the body was putrefying, and it was deemed proper to bury it. The father and mother refused to attend the funeral, but the sisters followed mourning to the grave. With the grave, however, the mysterious affair was not closed; on the contrary, it stirred up everybody to greater work in definite directions. Persons were sent out in search of Hiram Christ, following him up to his employer, who had recently transferred him to McKeesport. At McKeesport, however, Hiram was not to be found. The father and mother now fancied that the buried man was their son. In great grief and contrition they made preparation to dig up the corpse from its quiet resting-place at Mennonite church, and remove it to the yard where their ancestors and friends were at rest.

But to remove all grief and sorrow from the hearts of the parents and sisters, but not to solve the mystery of the dead man, Mr. Hiram Christ, *in propria personæ*, put in an appearance. He had been temporarily absent from McKeesport when sent for, but learning soon after what had happened at West Overton he hastened home.

In the excitement caused by the contradictory identification, the companion of the dead man was forgotten and allowed to escape the country. At Iron Bridge and at Broadford a man of his description wanted to sell a coat; but beyond this nothing more has been ascertained.

A REMINDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Is there anything in this world more aggravating, I wonder, than being a *reminder?* You don't know what I mean, probably, but I will endeavor to explain myself.

It is always my fate, whenever I meet a stranger, to remind him, or her, of somebody. After a fifteen minutes' chat, I am always informed that I bear a striking resemblance to a certain lady. "How very much you resemble my cousin," "You remind me forcibly of my sister," "You seem *so much* like a friend of mine," "You are remarkably like one of my acquaintances," "I wonder if you are related to Miss Smith?—you seem so much like her, I think you must be," have become familiar phrases to my ears. I have become in a measure resigned, and should really feel disappointed if I should meet a stranger who failed to say something of the kind. And yet it is aggravating, as I said before, to be a reminder. Everybody considers it so, I believe; but when I come to think of it dispassionately, I wonder why they should. There is always a chance that the stranger friend, sister, cousin, acquaintance, or Miss Smith may be enchanting, lovely, agreeable and charming, and that it is a high compliment which we have received. We ought to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt. I used to, but experience has deprived me of that pleasure even. It has been my lot, on several occasions, to meet with some of these sisters, cousins, friends, acquaintances, or Miss Smiths to whom I bore so striking a resemblance; and I have always found them, without exception, to be perfect frights in personal appearance. And I had the pleasure of seeing a lady once whose manners and actions were said to be *so like mine*, and I found her to be the most hateful and disagreeable mortal that had ever crossed my path.

Consequently I do not indulge in any pleasant flights of fancy in regard to the friend, sister, cousin, acquaintance, or Miss Smith whom I am said to resemble now-a-days. I immediately know what style of person the friend, sister, &c. is, and merely offer up a silent prayer, asking that I may be spared the humiliation of seeing her.

A few days since, while walking in the streets of Madison, my hands in my muff, my eyes on the pavement, I found my pathway obstructed by the figure of a good sized gentleman. I looked up into a rather handsome face, just now wreathed in smiles. He looked down into my face with an expression which spoke volumes.

"Why, how do you do?" he exclaimed, lifting his hat and beaming down upon me with delighted eyes. "Where are you stopping now?"

I suppose my countenance expressed blank astonishment, as I stared and responded—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not know the gentleman who is addressing me."

The expression must have been contagious, for the beaming light died out of his eyes, and *he* began to stare. He rubbed his forehead, as he said slowly, "Excuse me—but I thought—are you—really are you not Miss Fitzgerald?"

"No," I said "I am Miss Wheeler," and was about to pass on, when he looked at me in blank wonder, and ejaculated helplessly.

"But I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald?" I bit my lip to repress a smile, and walked on. I glanced over my shoulder once, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and as I imagined repeating, "I thought it was Miss Fitzgerald."

I immediately drew a fancy sketch of Miss Fitzgerald, and painted her like unto the friends, sisters, cousins, acquaintances, and Miss Smiths, whom I had already seen.

And as I walked along, the refrain of a song that I heard once, years ago, (at my first and only circus,) floated through my mind.

"Oh I'll pound him, when I catch him,
The fellow that looks like me."

I think I said "without exception" these friends, cousins, sisters, and Miss Smiths, had been frights. Let me make one exception. Coming up to Madison from Rock county once, on the train, I occupied the seat with a gentleman, and very naturally we fell into conversation. He proved very agreeable, and as he was a resident of a city where I have several friends, with whom he was acquainted, we passed the time very sociably. Just before reaching our destination my companion said, "I beg your pardon, madam, but you remind me so forcibly of a friend that I cannot refrain from speaking of it. "Ah!" I responded. "Yes," he continued, "a lady whom I used to know in Vermont. I have her picture—see." And he held out the photograph of an extremely beautiful woman. I was about to thank him for the compliment, when he hastened to add, "You do not resemble her in *personal appearance* at all, but there is something in your voice and manner, which is like her."

Why *need* he have said that? Why couldn't he let me have the pleasure of thinking that *once*, just *once* I had reminded somebody of a good-looking person. It would have been a comforting thought; a sort of oil to my wounds. But no! he must dash the cup of pleasure to atoms by saying, "personally, you do not resemble her; it is your voice and manner." And of course I knew then, that she was just such a hateful, disagreeable creature, as the other "friend" whose voice and manners were so like mine.

And that is why I think it very annoying to be a reminder.

HAROLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WELFDANG MULLER,

BY F. TOWNSEND.

Out of the Northern Ocean now rises the black night;
Oh, Denmark, ne'er saw'st thou before so wild and fierce a fight!
What heaps of mangled corpses, and weapons strew the coast!
Dead lie the Danish forces, and dead the Swedish host.

One only lingers living yet, upon the gloomy scene;
A hoary-headed champion, who on his sword doth lean;
His golden-gleaming helmet still decks his lofty brows,
Still round his form so stately his purple mantle flows.

'Tis Harold, the old monarch, who now with torch in hand,
Is seeking for the lost ones of his devoted band;
Each warrior, as he finds him, unto the ship he bears;
Was ever funeral-pile beheld, so grand and fine as theirs?

Himself now heaves the anchor, now o'er the deck he glides;
And at the helm now stationed, the vessel's course he guides;
And as she cleaves the billow, like bird with stately wing,
His burning torch still waving, the hero thus doth sing—

"Now fare thee well, green island, hot battle's precious prize!
The Northland's aged champion forever from thee flies:
Thy people hath he conquered, though strong and stout of heart;
Yet to thyself he leaves thee, thrice conquered as thou art!

"Ye holy Gods, I thank you, high in All-Father's hall!
Bravely have you stood by me, in this last scene of all!
The victor of a hundred fights, this fight I too have won!
But oh, that I, of all these braves, should thus be left alone!

"The bard alike and hero, the Twelve Confederates fell:
Too well their shattered harps and swords the bloody story tell:
And you, twin-sons, your precious lives this victory hath cost!
Ah, why should the young eagle thus in his first flight be lost?

"And now for further fighting, no heart is left in me;
Oh, death, be now my watchword, receive me now, oh, sea!
The surge, it was my cradle, the ship must be my bier!
Be thou my grave, old Ocean, my home no longer here!

"Both Love and Hate thou gave'st me, blest Freedom, best of all!
And so, like happy child content, I on thy bosom fall:
There resting with my heroes, our souls aloft shall soar,
In the halls of great All-Father, to dwell forevermore!"

The aged eyes still sparkle, still streams the silver hair;
The warrior waves the torch on high, that in the wind doth flare;
Then down he casts it quickly, more brightly still it glows,
And soon, a living mass of flame, the vessel onward goes.

The lofty waves now bear it, around the sides they ring;
And hark! how grand and solemn the funeral song they sing,
While, like a cradle rocking, the richly freighted bier:—
A mother is thy tender love, art thou, old Ocean dear!

Now in the dim horizon the flames are fading far;
Forth from the lurid vapor, up shoots a brilliant star;
Behind it, others shining, a blessed radiance fling;
The spirits of the brave ones, and of their brave old King. —*Boston Globe.*

Letter from New York.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST—I have for many days been seriously contemplating a letter to you. I want to write you a good, old-fashioned, free and easy epistle, not confined to any one subject, but taking in a great range of ideas all along with whoever is inveigled into reading it. But I don't think I can do it this time, for I have been silent so long on the subject of *fashions*, that to do them anything like justice I ought to devote a column exclusively to descriptions. Don't get frightened! I am not going to say anything about a mauve poplin with Marguerite polonaise, cut Pompadour, looped in the centre, and fluted around the edge. Not at all!

But there are innovations on established facts, and I feel that it is my duty to mention them.

In the first place, what do you think of the parasols? Perhaps they are pretty, and graceful, and convenient; I *know* they are *stylish*, anything is that is fashionable. To my mind, though, there is something dreadfully "fast" and unfeminine in a walking-stick, no matter whether it has a sun-shade attachment or not; and these new parasols with their elongated handles and coral, ivory and gold mountings, seem to me to be suggestive of a pedestrian feat over the Rocky Mountains. I haven't carried one yet, and I don't know that I shall, though we can none of us tell what we may come to. I don't think gentlemen admire them; they do not usually admire anything in a lady's attire at all savouring of masculinity, and now that I think of it, there is one dapper gentleman who sometimes promenades our fashionable thoroughfares that I know positively is sorely prejudiced against these long club-handled parasols. His wife, who is some years older than himself, met him in Union Square with a pretty blonde on his arm, and being provided with one of these weapons, she broke it over his head, and then insisted on the delinquent husband's buying her another. It was adding insult to injury, but he could make peace on no other terms, and had to succumb. He says "it is the meanest fashion out," and says it feelingly.

We have "Dolly Vardens" here, but they are not confined to dress. Of course we have Dolly Varden hats, and tunics, and boots and slippers, but we have also "Dolly Varden new-laid eggs" and "Dolly Varden butter" in our grocery stores; "Dolly Varden" washing machines, "Dolly Varden" refrigerators, and even the crockery merchants pile up their wares on the sidewalks and label them "Dolly Vardens."

Sometimes I think it was just as well that Dickens died when he did. Had he lived until now, remorse would have killed him; and if sanctified souls that have entered the pure portals of Heaven are permitted to revi it earth, I am sure his perfect happiness is sadly marred when he reflects that in an unguarded moment he gave to the world the story of Barnaby Budge.

And yet this Dolly Varden business saves a world of trouble and of thought. It is a tedious and soul-harrowing affair to originate a name for every new thing that appears. We shall have no more Hambletonian colts, or Alderny calves, they will all be Dolly Vardens; the same rule will doubtless extend to pups and chickens. I have not seen any Dolly Varden babies yet, but I presume they will be plenty before the season is over.

Distressing, isn't it? Let's talk about something else.

I am sorry to have to acknowledge it, but I bet my money on *hats*, and have lost. They stood up nobly, and fought hard, but the staid, proper, and respectable bonnet forced them to yield. The bonnet had been worn for ages, and had about it an odor of gentility, while the poor little hat had nothing but its prettiness and convenience to urge. It was an interloper, and it knew it, and so when it was decided that it could no longer hold equality with the aristocratic bonnet, it wilted all down; the crown disappeared, the brim drooped into a dreadfully sloppy shape and then its friends, the few that stuck to it in adversity, clapped it on their heads and called it a "Dolly Varden."

Some of them came down in a different style, and to designate them are called the "shepherdess;" these have broad brims and low crowns, and are intended for seaside use; the more dressy wearers turn the brim up, here, there, and all around, and fasten it with rosettes or bows.

The only really pretty hat though, the only one that don't look put upon, and humiliated, is a black net with puffed crown, and plenty of thread lace with a loop and one streamer at the back, and peeping out from the billowy lightness heads of golden grain. But even this is not exactly the thing—if you wish to be anybody as is anybody, you must wear a bonnet, and have strings to it tying under the chin; after that you can plant a whole flower garden on top of it, and have birds of paradise, miles of ribbon, oceans of jet and worlds of lace, and nobody will think of saying it is not in good taste. You can call it a Dolly Varden, too, if you care about it, and that will be in good taste also.

As to dresses, a fashionable modiste told me positively the other day that polonaises and overskirts were "going out"—and from the number I saw in the street I judged she was right. They got a new-fangled notion last year of trimming the front and back breadths of their skirts differently, and that I suppose has led to the present new idea of banishing overskirts. They put one or two broad flounces—either scantily gathered, or kilt pleated on the front breadths, while the back breadths are ruffled to the waist; then they make a little rounded apron front with long broad sash ends, to loop up and fasten in the back, and when the dress is first finished I must admit it is very beautiful. But just fancy the state of all those ruffles, after being sat upon, and fancy also the state of the wearer's temper—worse ruffled than the skirt, you can bet.

I won't take any, thank you. At least not until I get my commission to stand as lay-figure (what a contradiction) in some shop window and be labelled Dolly Varden.

In the little etceteras of the toilet there are many new ideas, but just when one wants to think what they are, then one can't think without referring to her note-book; and when not a single addition has been made to that note-book for three months the prospect is not encouraging. But I do recollect that little three-cornered shawls of silk crossed on the breast and loosely tied in the back, with ends falling over the tournures is a late fashion and a very effective one. These shawls are blue, scarlet, lavender and white, with deep netted fringe, and for full dress over a white polonaise are about as graceful and pretty as anything one can well imagine.

White dresses are more fashionable than ever this season, and are manufactured and imported in greater quantities. The side pleating of last year is giving way, I think, somewhat to the prettier and more easily laundried ruffle. For street and ordinary wear Victoria lawn still leads, but for more dressy occasions organdy is most admired.

In hair-dressing, the fancy of the moment is curls—not curls alone, but curls behind and braids each side, while over the forehead the hair is cut short and combed straight down, reaching in most instances nearly to the eyebrows. I believe the style is called the "Dolly Varden," but I am not sure; whatever they call it, it is a very becoming fashion, and reminds one of a Shet land pony. In fact, I don't think a lady is thoroughly bewitching any time, unless she has her hair all over her face. If it is not cut short and combed square down in the prevailing mode, I like to see the ends left loose blowing all over the eyes, and into the mouth if it happens to be open; it has such a tidy look. The French twist, that twisted itself around the hearts of all our ladies last season, is discarded, and pronounced ungraceful. Frizzes are seen, but are not very fashionable, though they are generally becoming, and in some instances render even plain faces pretty and attractive.

In shoes, the "Newport tie" is slowly advancing. It is hard for ladies to give up their high boots—and somehow in the street the low shoe does have a kind of undress look. The old fashioned gaiter lacing up the inside of the foot, has been resurrected and is gaining favor rapidly, for the reason it is much more easily fastened than the boots buttoning on the outside.

Slippers, very light and very low, of finest French kid, with blue or scarlet bow and a mother of pearl buckle, are the latest idea. I suppose the proper name for these slippers is the "Dolly Varden."

The prettiest travelling dresses this season consist of a black-silk skirt with one flounce, and a linen polonaise. The reason urged for adopting the black-silk skirt is, that it does not soil, and will stand any amount of hard usage—also that it harmonizes or contrasts, whichever you please, with linen, of any shade, and looks like a "Dolly Varden."

But you see it is as I predicted, I have nearly reached the end of my letter, and have religiously adhered to fashions. I could not help it. The desire for something better was strong within me, but I could not gratify it. I wanted to tell you of the races at Jerome Park, and how the Australian colt beat the—the Dolly Varden, and of the Methodist Book Concern, and the strike that is now going on, and which everybody but pugilists has a hand in, as a witty barrister at my elbow facetiously remarks; and I did oh! so much wish to ask you what you think of Victoria Woodhull for the next President. I know you are neutral in politics, but when a novelty like the "Dolly Varden ticket," with a woman and a colored brother on it, comes up, you certainly must have an opinion. We all know Fred Douglas is smart, and as far as Victoria is concerned, who can say that she is not living up to her manifest destiny. She complains, and bitterly, of the slights and insults she receives, and sometimes one cannot help thinking it might all be avoided if she would only content herself in feminine pursuits. But she has her adherents, and one remarked, in my hearing the other day, that her ideas were sound, and that he had no doubt but that she was "an humble instrument in the hands of Providence predestined to work out, through suffering and tribulation and martyrdom, the greatest reformation the world ever saw. He compared her to old John Brown, whose "soul was marching on" for so many years, and may be yet, for all I know. I have not time to tell you all he said, but he evidently admired Victoria, and was not faint in his praises of pretty Tennie, her sister, who failing to obtain the colonelcy of the Ninth Regiment in place of James Fisk, deceased, has been unanimously elected colonel of the Fifth Colored Guards. And then, too, there is some pleasant little gossip floating around about certain prominent theatrical characters that has not yet been aired through the newspapers, and I had a lamentable story of a beautiful belle, who only two or three years ago queened here in this great city, but who through misfortune fell from her high estate, and to-day lies helpless upon her hard couch in a gloomy hospital ward, the tears welling slowly from her dim eyes as her memory wanders back over the happy past, and contrasts it with the dreadful present. And the music in the Park on Saturday last, I wanted to speak of that, and to inform everybody that the day was magnificent, and that all those who were present in expensive toilets returned home without being drenched through in the manner incident to Saturday afternoons. Amusements and trade I did not intend to speak of, for the reason that there is very little doing in either. But wait until we get everybody off to the seaside and to Europe, and then we will let fashions go and talk of something pleasant.

Yours, OLIVE KING.

PERSONAL.

FRANZ ABT was presented with a leader's baton, set with diamonds, when in Cincinnati, a few days ago.

HALIM PASHA, of Egypt, is hunting bears on Mt. Olympus, with a couple of $12,000 bloodhounds.

BRIGHAM YOUNG announces that he sha'n't marry any more.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth died, they found three thousand dresses in her wardrobe.

POETRY and poverty are no longer inseparable companions; Byrant, Longfellow, Holmes, Saxe and Lowell are "comfortable."

AMONG the large and enthusiastic audience that assembled at Drury Lane to witness the appearance of Miss Kellogg in "Lucia" was Patti, who went upon the stage, after the performance, and gave her a hearty handshake and welcome.

SIGNOR BAGNOLI has gone to Europe on a professional tour. He expects to sing in the leading opera houses in the old world. His wife (formerly Miss McCulloch) accompanies him.

THE danger of disappointing a public, without taking precautions to mollify possible wrath, was lately illustrated at St. Petersburg. Madame Adelina Patti was expected to play in *Don Giovanni*; but, without notice, Madame Sinico was put forward in *Un Ballo*. The audience hooted the latter off the stage, which was all the return she had for her willingness to stop a gap.

LIZST, the pianist, had taken a fancy to a jeweler's daughter, and thus is the courtship described: "One morning the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Lizst, 'How do you like my daughter?' 'She is an angel!' What do you think of marriage?' 'I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to it.' 'What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?' 'I would willingly accept it.' 'Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law.' 'With all my heart.' The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great pianist, Lizst."

EVERYBODY will be deeply pained by the intelligence that Mr. Joseph Jefferson, of Rip Van Winkle fame, is ill with a serious affection of the eye, and must, in consequence, retire, at least temporarily, from the stage. The following extract from a private letter written by Mr. Jefferson to a friend in Philadelphia, will be of interest to all our readers:

"My left eye has been overcast by a mist for some time; the pain became so intense that I was alarmed, and called upon Dr. Chisholm (one of the celebrated oculists of Baltimore), who told me that I was threatened with the loss of sight in one eye, and possibly in both. To-day I had another examination under the opthalmoscope by the eminent German oculist, Dr. Reuling, and I regret to say he gives me the same cheerless intelligence. Nothing can save my sight, unless I at once give up my profession, and submit to an operation which will not only keep me in bed for two days, but confined to darkness for a longer time. Dr. Reuling (who will at once perform the operation), gives me every hope of recovery by attending to my case in this its early stage, but cannot take the responsibility if I expose my eye to the continual glare of the light, or delay in *at once* submitting to an operation. I would have informed you before, but I am only just in possession of the serious fact."

Many thousands of Mr. Jefferson's enthusiastic admirers in Philadelphia and vicinity have been looking forward to the commencement this week of his usual summer engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, and these will be not only greatly disappointed by his inability to appear, but will share in common with the whole American people a feeling of solicitude lest our greatest comedian may be lost to the stage.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Albany Argus writing from Vienna says:

"The 'People's Garden' is the first place of attraction, where my cicerone took me to 'see the world-renowned Strauss.' I say to see with an intent, for he would be quite a show in himself even for a deaf and dumb traveller. Imagine a perfect dandy of the Jewish type, who, when he leads his two hundred musicians, becomes so impassioned, so impressed with the full meaning of each sound, that he absolutely acts what is being played. With his bow in one hand and violin in the other, he mimics the grand terzetto of 'Norma.' The wrath of the priestess, the pleading entreaties of guileless Adalgisa, and the stoic patience under difficulties of Pollione, all is expressed by a richness of mimicry which leaves nothing to be desired. But it is in the rendition of his own pieces—his waltzes, for instance—that Strauss abandons himself to the spirit which possesses him for the hour. 'The Beautiful Blue Danube,' and waltz, we have heard enough of before, but never, I must say, so well played. The maestro comes in to the rescue in two or three passages which require, it is supposed, an extra touch of sentiment, and his pantomime reaches in these passages the highest perfection of the great art. The Viennese dote on that manner of leading an orchestra, but for my part I find it rather undignified, and prefer our Theodore Thomas.

"There are, or there were, three brothers Strauss: one, the handsomest and most talented, died of an excess of that most delicious Viennese beer, I am told; but I will not believe that an artist, a man imbued with all the beauties of that divine gift—music—can ever be guilty of such excesses. The second, Joseph Strauss, is in London, also the leader of a royal orchestra; and the youngest is the pet of the Viennese, and leader of the imperial and royal orchestra. He leads at the court balls, and at the balls of the highest nobility; then thrice a week he plays at the Volk Garten, where the people do not go, however, as it is rather a high entrance fee. But the nobility, *in haute finance*, are there in full force, the beauty and showy toilets of the Viennese ladies are nowhere seen to better advantage, for the Garten is illuminated 'a giorno,' with colored lights, very flattering to women of all ages."

☞ "If it's a paper man ye are, yez can just lave me house at wanst, for it's divil a bit of rent I've had since I lost me poor cow, all on account of them spalpeens, the raypurters. May the divil fly away wid them! Be off wid ye, I say."—*Mrs. O'Leary of Chicago.*

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WHAT THINK YOU?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

I have a little friend,
With whom I often wand
'Round the windings of the clear Otter river;
Where the flowers at our feet
Breathe their fragrance fresh and sweet,
And above us the poplar leaves shiver.

And this little friend's blue eye
Will droop, I know not why,
If I bend to catch the words she is saying,
And her gentle face will flush
With a soft and rosy blush
If I hint that we are glad while a straying.

When next we walk that way
What think you she will say,
If I ask her to walk with me down life's river—
Do you think her heart will beat
Fast with pleasure sure and sweet,
And a smile on her bright lip will quiver?

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TANTALUS.

If Wil Rokeby, stretched on his sick bed, half consumed by a low, burning fever, the effects of his long immersion in the bitterly chill waters of the Kennet, could have been favored by an eastern magician with a little of that mysterious fluid poured into the hollow of his hand, in which, after steadfastly looking for a given time, he would be enabled to see the person upon whom he most desired to gaze, he would have seen, of course, that sweet young face, and slight, graceful form, his sole anxious thought, the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook—Daisy.

And he would have seen, too, not only how she was occupied, but her surroundings.

How amazed he would have been!

Feeling himself the prostrating effects of his long and arduous efforts to save her from perishing in a deep and rapid river, he would, with some show of reason, have expected to have seen her in "virgin sheets dish'd neatly up," and of the two, nearer to death's threshold than himself. He would have observed nothing of the kind.

He would have beheld her in her cosy little room, overlooking the wooded heights of Totteridge, reclining in a luxuriously soft easy chair, with her liquid, dreamy, intense eyes fixed on vacancy. Her brow, perhaps, a little clouded, but her round, deliciously moulded cheek rivalling in its tint the most delicate blossom of the Queen of Flowers.

She appeared to be, indeed, the incarnation of perfect, not rude, health, a little troubled in the mind.

Yet she betrayed no sign of a narrow escape from drowning, and with her thoughts running on Wil Rokeby, had no idea that he was lying just outside the door of the grim King of Terrors—all for her sake.

She was soliloquizing, and she murmured—"Why compel me to go on that boisterous day to see a funeral which could only distress me without afflicting me, for what interest could I have in the death of the Earl of Templecombe?"

Ah! what?

How much the hard, malevolent visage of Mark likened itself to the German pictures of Mephistopheles, when he pointed out to me that grand old Priory, with its extensive park and miles and miles of land, and remarked that the whole of it might be mine if I were somebody else.

"Somebody else! Who?"

Ah! Who? who?

She sighed heavily, in a way it is sorrowful to see a young girl sigh: it intimated such a bitter sense of a hopeless future.

Then an impatient exclamation burst from her lips, and she brushed a large tear from her long eyelashes.

"It was so absurd to say that," she pursued, meditatively. "Of course, the empire of Great Britain would be mine if I were the Queen of England, and Fairholme Priory might one day become mine if I were Mrs. Wilfred Rokeby. Mrs. Wilfred Rokeby! How lovely that sounds—lovely beyond comparison, lovely beyond hope—alas! beyond hope. What a dear fellow he looked as he stood in the nave of the pretty little old church, not seeming a bit in grief about the poor dead old man being deposited in his lonely tomb, not seeming to feel in the least the solemn words which made me weep, but staring hard at a spot—where I was not standing—and then of a sudden worming his way through the crowd of people to the door, instead of taking a stroll up in the gallery where I was waiting for Mark. If he had only popped out upon me by the merest chance, and with his lovely, lovely eyes looked into mine, and permitted me to hear his beautiful, soft, musical voice, and touched—only just touched—the tips of my fingers with his own. Heigho! How I should have thanked Mark for dragging me down to that gloomy ceremonial through the wet and cold! Alas! Mr. Wilfred—Willy others call him, why not I?—Willy did not think of the gallery, and did not look at me, or—I wonder why he was in such haste to be off. He was no sooner out of the churchyard than he mounted his horse and galloped away. Whither, I wonder? 'He loves and he rides away,' that stupid old song Mark makes me sing when he feels spiteful says; but isn't it true? Yes, some day, when he knows that he really, truly, positively, downright loves me dearly, dearly, dearly, very dearly, he will be in no such hurry to ride away."

Here her soliloquy was broken in upon by the entrance of Meggy, who approached her with a light step, a mysterious manner, and a troubled look.

A glance at her face was enough for Daisy. She rose to a sitting posture, and ejaculated, quickly—

"What has happened, Meggy?"

"Oh, miss," murmured the girl, in unfeigned distress, "Mr. Wilfred Rokeby, miss—poor Mr. Wilfred. Oh, dear'ee me, poor Mr. Wilfred!"

Daisy was to her feet in an instant.

"What—what has happened to him?" she gasped with difficulty, becoming as white—whiter than a lily.

"Tib ha' been here, miss," returned Meggy, shaking her head mournfully; little bit Tib, miss. I wur to ha' met 'un in the road yonder, because I wanted to send a letter to fa-ther, and—"

"What has befallen Mr. Wilfred Rokeby? Tell me that. I want to know nothing else, girl!" exclaimed Daisy, in a tone, and with a strength of grip on her wrist which electrified the girl.

"And I demand to participate in her information," exclaimed a harsh, stern voice at her elbows.

Both knew the sound before they perceived the form of Mark Jarrett casting its shadow upon them.

Meggy made a couple of bounds to the door; but Mark Jarrett intercepted her, and without any affectation of ceremony, he thrust her back towards Daisy; and with his most vindictive frown and harshest voice he said—

"Out with your news. What has befallen Mr. Rokeby?"

Meggy closed her lips, and screwed them up tightly, as a one-year-old boy does when a gray powder is offered him for consumption in a spoon, and remained perfectly silent.

Mark Jarrett looked fiercely at her for a minute, silently too, and then thundered—

"Answer, wench! What has happened to Wil Rokeby?"

"Shen't!" snapped Meggy, folding her arms, and straightening up her form.

"Speak, you hussy," he roared, wrathfully, "or I'll make you!"

"I on't! You! Shoo!"

She tightened her arms—and Mark Jarrett uttered an exclamation, which sounded as if he consigned her to perdition in two words.

"If you do not answer me," he cried, in a rage, "I will have you turned out of the house in less than three minutes from this."

"I 'on't go—there!" she returned, promptly, with a resolute and defiant air. "What, leave poor Miss Daisy to your snarling, growling, snappish, houndish savagery! Not if *I* know it!"

Mark Jarrett laughed like a hyena, without any suspicion of mirth in his smile.

"You audacious hussy," he rejoined, with irate indignation; "do you dare to defy me to my very teeth? By heaven, I'll make you tremble in every joint, unless you alter your tone. Obey me, and answer, or fear the result!"

"I 'on't answer! I don't fear the result. I ain't afeard o' four—or forty—or four hundred Mark Jarretts," returned the bold damsel, having another tighten of the lock of her arms. "I 'ood like to see the man as 'ood make Meg Blythedale afeard. Afeard, too! Ha!"

"Answer, Meggy—pray answer—for my sake!" interposed Daisy, who stood trembling, in fear of learning dire news about the only man whom now she knew, if ever she were to know it, she loved better than her own life.

"Ay, and for her own sake, too," menacingly added Mark Jarrett.

"Not for her *own* sake, nor yourn, but for Miss Daisy's only, if I do tell at all what I knows," rejoined Meggy, in the same determined, yet in no really insolent way. "Besides, it ain't nothing to you, as I sees—only to Miss Daisy; and if she says, 'Keep mum, Meggy!' not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men, will make Meg say a word."

"Tell her to speak," exclaimed Mark Jarrett, sternly, addressing Daisy. "I shall know how to deal with the fool afterwards."

Daisy easily, quickly, and naturally assumed an attitude of dignity, and said, quietly, and as firmly as she could, although her rebellious lip quivered under the disquieting influence of her undefined apprehension—

"Speak out, Meggy, if you please. I have nothing to fear from any disclosures—or aught else. Indeed, for myself what have I to fear? I fear nothing. Speak, Meggy!"

"But, Miss—" objected Meggy, with a look at Mark Jarrett.

"Speak, I entreat you," interrupted Daisy, with a burst of agonized impatience. "I cannot bear this suspense. At any risk—if risk there be—tell me, without hesitation or further delay, what has happened to Mr. Wilfred Rokeby."

Meggy looked down, frowningly, and shook her well-shaped shoulders; but raising her eyes, she caught sight of Daisy's distracted expression of face, and said, instantly—

"Nay, miss, bain't so bad as that."

Daisy was unable to articulate a word; but Mark Jarrett, with passionate vehemence, roared—

"Not—so—bad—as what? The Infernal himself fly away with the fool! What has happened?"

"Bain't 'dead yet!" she answered, doggedly.

"Oh, Meggy, what has—has—" faltered Daisy, the word dying from her lips as she clutched, fainting, at a table for support.

"Mr. Wilfred Rokeby, riding after a most beautiful young lady—her horse bolted with her—took to a river. Mr. Wilfred—bless his heart, he is a plucked 'un—spanked into the river after her. Fair nearly drownded, but was fish'd out more dead than alive—both dreadful bad," was the response of Meggy, uttered as fast as she could possibly articulate the words.

There was a strange silence for a minute. The expression on the countenances of Daisy and Mark Jarrett indicated that the minds of both were rapidly revolving this incident, and its probable results. A strange light suddenly illuminated the face of the latter, and he was the first to speak. With affected contempt, he said—

"Pooh! a mere ducking!"

Darting a glance at Meggy, he said, sharply and peremptorily, to her—

"What is the beautiful young lady's name?"

Daisy's eyes, upraising with a sudden flash, settled on Meggy's clear, open, and at the present moment rather fiery face.

The girl did not observe her questioning look, but, as a reply, turned up her nose with a recklessness of consequences perfectly marvellous at Mark Jarrett. He stamped his foot passionately, and repeated his question, with a gesture as if he would hurl a book at her head if she refused to answer. She saw this, and returned, doggedly—

"Dun'no?"

"A lie!" he muttered; and interrogated, between his grating teeth. "Where did this bit of knight-errantry happen? Where does the beautiful young lady live?"

"Can't say," answered Meggy, pertly. "I warn't there to see. Bain't her maid."

Mark Jarrett bit his lip until he tasted blood; but he controlled himself. Pointing to the door, he said to the girl, in a tone of peremptory command—

"Leave the room, you saucy baggage!"

"If it warn't for poor dear Miss Daisy, I'd—"

"Leave the room!" thundered Mark Jarrett; and as Meggy caught an appealing look from the eloquent eyes of her young mistress, she retired to the door backwards, keeping her face, glowing like a red-hot brick, towards her master.

"If it warn't for Miss Daisy—" she commenced again.

"Go!" he shouted, and made a dart towards her.

The girl uttered a slight scream, and backed out into the corridor. Mark slammed the door in her face, and turned the key in the lock, muttering, but inaudibly—

"If it were not that out of such stuff as that impudent hussy is made of, the staunchest partisans are fashioned, she should be disposed of without further warning; but she is a watch-dog for Daisy, upon whose care and incorruptibility I can implicitly rely. I cannot find her match, I believe, so, her flagrant insolence to me notwithstanding, I shall keep her so long as she is useful."

He advanced to Daisy, who he saw had changed her attitude, and he knew so well the fluctuations in her moods that he was instantly conscious the change meant passive resistance to his wishes.

Turning upon her that Mephistophelian smile to which she had referred in her self-communings, he produced from a pocket-book a slip of paper, and read, in low, deliberate, caustic tones—

"Mark Jarrett, I am deeply—deeply grateful to you. I feel intensely the nature of my obligation. I am overwhelmingly impressed with a sense of my indebtedness to you. I have done—I will do anything in the world I may do, if it become me, a young girl, to do it, to repay that obligation—ay, even if it imperil my life. I may almost declare if it involve my happiness."

He ceased, and fastened his glittering eyes upon her marble-white face and downcast eyes for a moment, as if to watch the effect the words he had just repeated would have upon her. He might as well have expected to see the alabaster features of the statue of Psyche betray varying changes. He knitted his brows when he saw how cold and impassible they were, and said, sneeringly—

"Memories are treacherous, especially those of a girl budding into womanhood, with fancies of romantic attachments to which all worldly arrangements must yield precedence. I wrote down the words I have just repeated immediately after I heard them. Do you remember them?"

"I do," returned Daisy, coldly.

"In the words of the poet, did the lady protest too much?" he demanded, sarcastically.

"In the words of the same poet, she will keep her word," she returned, firmly, although she did not raise her eyes to his.

"So you love Wilfred Rokeby!" he exclaimed, abruptly, after a short pause, and with an emphasis which indicated that he was submitting to her an incontrovertible fact.

Now her eyes went up to his like two bright stars seen suddenly through a rift in a night cloud, and a tell-tale blush suffused her cheeks, forehead, and neck.

It was, however, only a momentary abullition of wonder how he had contrived to divine her secret, and tell it to her as if it had been a piece of news communicated to him in an ordinary way. A faint thrill and shiver ran through her frame when she perceived the expression on his face, and dropping her eyes again she remained silent.

He shrugged his shoulders, and ejaculated—

"It is true, then?"

She remained as motionless as a statue. He folded his arms, and gazed upon her young, lovely face as Satan might have regarded the immaculate countenance of an angel new born in Paradise speculating how he could accomplish her eternal destruction.

Presently he said, in a calm, even, reflective tone—

"I do not know that I object to this. I am not quite sure that I am not glad to learn it—should be more glad to know that you love him with a passion which absorbs every other feeling and instinct you may possess."

Her eyelids trembled, yet she did not raise them so that she might see by the expression on his face what he designed to convey by this remark. He detected that slight fluttering, but as she did not speak he went on—

"I am sure, however, that my delight would be unqualified if I were to find beyond the possibility of a doubt that you had inspired a passion in the breast of young Rokeby which would transmute him into a frantic, unreasoning idiot, who would barter name, position, everything for you."

"Why?" she demanded, with a clear distinctness which for the instant startled him, yet he unhesitatingly replied—

"Because I would then utterly and irretrievably ruin and destroy him. I have a notion that he is rather attracted by your baby face, but he springs from an inconstant and fickle race and is not reliable. You know, perhaps, and care less, that in fostering a love for this young fellow you are constituting yourself a rival of that fair piece of porcelain earth who passes for his cousin, and flaunts the name of Gabrielle Luttrell in the face of those who know that she has not the slightest claim to it. She—ha! ha!—why you have a better title to it than that soulless icicle."

"I, Mark Jarrett?" ejaculated Daisy, lifting her eyes swiftly to his.

"Why not? Why should you not be the granddaughter of an earl?" he returned, with a sarcastic laugh. "I know a recently deceased earl had two granddaughters who are both missing. Why should not you be one?"

"Guy Luttrell, Earl of Templecombe," she suggested, faintly, but curiously.

"Aye! Guy Luttrell, Earl of Templecombe," he answered, with a sudden inflation of his chest, and some pacings which bordered on the bombastic. "Guy Luttrell, Earl of Templecombe, that has the true ring in it, eh? That is how it will stand before many months pass over this long secluded head of mine."

A wondrous emotion passed through the frame of Daisy as she heard these words, and noted the manner of Mark Jarrett. At last she had got a clue to his real position and her own. A thousand childish memories flashed through her brain—circumstances, incidents, observations apparently trivial, which at the time had no greater weight with her than the most trifling things happening daily—whirled like a train of bright, luminous sparks through her mind, and helped her to that remarkable description of conclusion at which all her sex are said instinctively to jump.

Her quick, clear, swift seeing perceptive powers sprang into action with the speed of travelling light; but at the same time the habit of self-control to which she had been educated by the peculiarities of Mark Jarrett's temper, not by his inculcated lessons, being also exercised by her, she betrayed no sign that a new and powerful light had burst upon her.

When Mark Jarrett had curbed his sudden outbreak, he did not detect that it had set up a startling theory in her mind. He saw her as he had seen her a minute before, and saw in her still a creature whose passed word would be her bond, who, out of a sentiment of gratitude, would sacrifice herself on the altar of his interests, and be the instrument of his vengeance if he skillfully concealed from her such intention.

"It is an idle fancy," he presently said, returning to her, curling his lip with a derisive smile; "but you may indulge it. You will consider yourself in reality the descendant of an earldom—one of the proudest, oldest, and richest in this kingdom. It is a pretty notion for a pretty girl; but remember, however, in reality you are my Daisy, bound by your solemn promise to do my bidding, with a reservation which I shall not infringe, even if it imperil your own happiness. Now, listen to me. You love Wilfred Rokeby, and such happiness as it may give you to be in his society, to gaze upon, and to hear him profess love to you, you may secure if you will."

She gave a scarcely perceptible start.

"For I wish you to make him so intensely in love with you that a whisper from your lips, a glance from your eye, a motion of your finger, will lead him a direction from which neither the dictates of his own sense, his own honor, the entreaties of those nearest and dearest to him, will deter him from pursuing."

If ever the features of that guileless face upon which he fastened his gleaming eyes assumed a hard, rigid, and even vindictive shade, they did now. Yet it was so faintly perceptible that under the strong feelings which were moving him he did not notice it.

"Wilfred Rokeby," he resumed, "so far as I can ascertain, is like most young men of his age—an inconstant lover, unless he can be fascinated, enthralled. No doubt, with the accustomed lightness of his years, he has vowed eternal love and adoration to the silver blonde, Miss Luttrell, his cousin, as she is called, and has now been risking his neck for a young beautiful—remember the adjective, it is your maid's, not mine—girl, between whom and himself a romantic sympathy will be shared, to be followed, perhaps on her side only, by an amorous attachment. Now, for my purpose it will not do to suffer such a pretty flirtation to go too far, because it will render your task the harder, and although I desire—and I intend, if possible, to effect my purpose—that he should become your enwrapt slave, I do not mean to permit the fascination you will bring to bear upon him to be the occasion of a heightened tinge of shame on your cheek at any moment. I do not say this because I possess straitlaced notions of the proprieties, but because, for motives I shall not reveal, I would not have the brightness of your sense of self-respect tarnished by the faintest breath of impurity. In bringing him to your feet, I shall disclose to you the machinery by which I shall accomplish it. I will merely intimate now that I saw your woman in close whisperings with one whom I recognized, and whom I will make one of my instruments. I followed her hither only to get the information I have secured, as well as to prove certain suspicions of mine were well founded. The incident is opportune, for it coincides with my present plans. I am on the threshold of an event which will result grandly for me, yet purposelessly, if I do not simultaneously achieve a great revenge. I have reared you to be one of the means to that end. You shall make Wil Rokeby love you to a maddened distraction. The rest of the work will be mine."

He paused for an instant, for he saw her arched brows contract, her small, delicately-shaped nostrils dilate, and her tiny lips compress.

With a warning gesture of the hand, he resumed—

"Do not attempt any exercise of independent will, for that will only bring danger to yourself, and must be unsuccessful. Let me also emphatically warn you to guard your own heart, and see that while enthralling it does not become enthralled. No Rokeby shall ever win you to wear you. Any loving fondness on your side will be blossom-leaves cast in the teeth of an icy north wind. No schemes, plots, contrivances, mutually planned and set in operation, shall, can succeed, for, mark me—you know I never make idle or meaningless threats—sooner than you should become the wife of a Rokeby, I will without one pang of regret submit myself to the hands of the common hangman, to be executed for your murder."

A slight groan burst from her lips. She was whiter than before; but her brown did not lighten nor her lips separate, nor did the resolute expression her manner evinced become in the slightest degree modified.

"The knight-errant will soon recover from his cold bath, and you will encounter him probably before you anticipate the happy event," he proceeded, with a hard, bitter smile. "Of course, your eyes will dance with rapture to meet him, your lips wreathe in smiles, and your words will be prettily chosen and pleasantly uttered. But in that moment, remember—and subsequently forget not—that the penalty of my life will not deter me from an act of vengeance on you if you give me the cause I have so undisguisedly revealed to you."

Without another word or look he strode from the apartment, leaving her motionless, as if with a look he had changed her into stone.

Yet his footsteps had not died out of her ears, when she pressed her temples with her hands, and then laid them with desperate stress upon her heart. She breathed with difficulty; but though there were signs of acute agony in the expression of her beautiful features, there was no trace of timidity, or shrinking from opposition to Mark Jarrett's commands, whatever her contumacy might entail upon herself.

"Threats to me," she murmured, with a quivering lip, "after what he has traced out for my future. What does he conceive I can fear now? Death? With what charm has he invested my life in the past or to come that I should cling hungeringly to it, or fear to surrender it?"

She threw up her hands with a contemptuous, passionate gesture at the conceit that death could now have any terrors for her.

No, it had not for her personally; but the bare thought that Wil Rokeby was fainting on its extreme verge filled her with an overwhelming horror.

Like most young maidens of her years, violently in love, she launched into extravagances. It seemed to her that she alone could save him—that if in some way she did not shield him from danger by her proximity, he must surely perish.

"What is to be done?" she asked herself, with a distracted mien. "What can I do to save him? If he were to die—O my brain! —if he were to die—my heart would break—break—break!"

She fell back on to her chair, covered her eyes with her hand, and wept a passion of tears.

Yet, restlessly and impetuously, in another minute or so she sprang to her feet and removed the traces of tears from her cheeks, and murmured, in a resolute tone—

"Courage and decision are needed now, not hysterics. I can do something with firmness and determination, nothing with weeping and wringing of hands. What can I do? I will fly to him, warn him of danger, see that he is not within the power of enemies. I will see Mrs. Rokeby, pray her to remove him from all wicked and designing influences. Meggy shall conduct me to the residence of Mrs. Rokeby without a moment's delay. I have a claim upon her aid and good will. Good, kind Meggy, she is already here as if she divined my wishes. Meggy, my good, good girl—"

She had heard a footstep, had seen the handle of the lock turn, and as the door slowly opened she concluded that it would disclose to her the form of her good-looking maid. Under this impression she hastily advanced a pace or two to meet her, but with a faint exclamation of disappointment and dismay she started back, for before her stood Abel Stoke.

His face was flushed as if he were excited by drink, and there was a look in his dark bright eyes which disquieted and even alarmed her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ADDED.

It will not be supposed that after her interview with Titus Vink, Gabrielle gave herself up to passive despair. Hers was not a nature which would yield with docility and resignation even to the inevitable, and keenly appreciating the splendor of the position from which she perceived herself in imminent danger of being swept, like a dead leaf before a storm blast, she had not a prompting of the very faintest kind suggesting to her to fly secretly from her high friends and aristocratic associations, before that hideous *exposé* came, which should declare her, not to be a Luttrell, but the illegitimate offspring of a village girl of low stamp.

The story of Titus Vink, which the knowledge of her equivocal position—for already Colonel Waldron had assured her she was a changeling—induced her to believe, inflicted upon her a tremendous shock. She determined to see him as soon as possible.

It was now more than ever necessary that they should have a clandestine meeting. It was of the last importance to her that she should lay before him the astounding revelation made by Titus Vink, so that he should confirm it or give it a flat denial. In the latter case she would not be satisfied but with irrefragable proofs, and in the former it would be needful to cast all sentiment and pride to the winds, and combine together to shape out a course which should maintain her position in the world, and indeed comprehend a wealthy future for both.

It was a long, agonizing, distracting, torturing self communion she went through. She had many memories to recall, which, apparently trivial in themselves, became of importance now. She had many considerations to examine before it would be discreet to determine on any path even with Colonel Waldron. She had a scheme already floated, and some expectations of its success, and if she conducted it to a success she believed she could snap her fingers at all adverse contingencies.

There was also—and no light task it proved—the work of manacling, as it were, all those sensitive feelings which would be sacrificed by such a communication as she had had made to her by that unequivocal rascal, Titus Vink. Like all these of uncertain position, she was doubly susceptible on points which individuals whose station is unassailable pass by unnoticed, or with silent contempt, and she had suffered terribly after hearing that she was the unacknowledged child of a low peasant girl. But after a long, long struggle, close and uninterrupted seclusion, she banished from her fair, silvery countenance all traces of mental torture of the most desperate character, and issued from her chamber all serenity, all smiles, all complacency, as though the world was a paradise of unchanging bliss, made to assure her perfect and complete happiness.

But somehow in the interregnum the heads and principals of the household had vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby were away. Will and Bertie had gone from the house together without leaving behind them any intimation of their destination, or the date of their return. Such occurrences were not altogether however, unusual among the Rokebys, and not a few times had she to rely on her own resources for an evening's amusement abroad if she did not determine to pass it in her own chamber.

She had accepted an invitation to an assembly that night, and resolved to go alone rather than remain at home with her own thoughts, and accordingly she went, having been more scrupulously particular in her toilet then was her wont, attentive as she was always to this point.

"They will have keen eyes who trace peasant blood in my veins to-night," she muttered, with glittering eyes, as she surveyed herself in a tall, cheval glass; "and that taint I will struggle with to the last. I cannot believe that I have it. I do not recognize a trace in a limb, in skin, eye, lip, vein, mien, thought, or in secret inclinings to low tastes or pursuits. I have no grovelling desires, no promptings such as base blood would give birth to. If I hate, as I do hate, and feel malevolent, as I do feel, against those who have wronged and who think to wrong me, that is no sign that I am the daughter of an underbred rustic wench. Woman feels as I feel, though she be a queen. If that skinny, begrimed, hideous dog, Vink, has lied—I am no offspring of a hedgeside jade; if he has not—and how sick, how bitterly sick, at heart I feel as I fear he has not—I do not betray it in my outward shape, in my glances, my words, my very voice, for what russet wench ever had such tones as mine? No; I will be a Luttrell—the granddaughter of an earl—until overwhelming proofs stamp me out of the station I have held, and from among the people with whom I have lived and mingled until now."

And with this inward resolution and assuming an icier, a more supercilious haughtiness of demeanor, she set out for the brilliant gathering.

Such, indeed, she found it, and it appeared fortunately to her she encountered a lady of high rank, accompanied by her two daughters, with whom she had a slight acquaintance. At the moment of recognition she said in her pearliest tone to this high-born dame, but as if she were conferring a favor, not asking one—

"Mrs. Rokeby is away in the country, my Cousin Wil has departed, for aught I know, to the Arctic regions in his yacht, so I have been left, like the banished nymph Calypso on a desert island, quite alone. I wished to be here to-night, and I have taken my chance of finding a protecting spirit—will you be mine for the time being, Lady Micheldever?"

The Lady Micheldever—a scraggy, fair woman of the sandy type, with a fine old Roman cast of countenance, in which her daughters rivalled her, the eldest being, as far as her proportion of nose was concerned, "the noblest Roman of them all—" regarded Gabrielle steadfastly through her eye-glass while she was speaking, very much as if she had an impression that the fair speaker was trying to galvanize her by a form of words.

She looked as if she scouted the correctness of her hearing, and ran her eyes over Gabrielle's splendid attire—fashioned of the gauziest and filmiest of fabrics, pale blue, delicate fawn, and white—as if she could not credit her eyesight.

"Immensely odd," at length she gasped, as Gabrielle concluded; "we were speaking of you—Arachne and Io—as we entered. Of course we did not expect to see Mrs. Rokeby, and—and it seems—amazing to see you—in—this—a—— Of course, you have a motive. Still, delighted to *chaperone* you—delighted."

She tendered one of her bony arms, which but for the bloom of pearl-wash on it, might have been mistaken for the *humerus* of a patriarchal Shawnee chief, and Gabrielle apparently accepted it by moving up to her side, although she did not touch it.

What did the woman mean by her manner and observations? Gabrielle could not divine—she only had a horrible suspicion—and she began to grow sick, and faint, and cold, as the matron, in trumpet tones, began to make allusions to noble birth, patrician blood, and illimitable wealth.

Had she heard a rumor of the equivocal position in which she was placed? Did ill news fly so fast and so untrammelled that even this female model of an ancient centumvir should have heard a report that she was not a Luttrell?

It required no little firmness and steeling of nerves and arm to maintain her cold, dignified carriage, and to listen to the Lady Micheldever's remarks as if she were reciting a passage from the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus in an unknown tongue.

She could not tell how long the sonorous voice intoned its disquieting words. It seemed interminably long, especially as she noted that she was met by many who knew her by sight by a sudden elevation of the eyebrows and a look of surprise.

What could that expression mean? What did it suggest? She grew colder and colder still, and withal outwardly more frigid.

Like a peal of silver bells in her ears suddenly came the tones of the Earl of Marston. He accosted her with a brightness in his eyes and an excited tremor in his voice which, if something new, was doubly welcome to her, for his words were at once deferential, adulatory, and fervid.

If he had heard the humiliating, derogatory story relating to her, he did not believe it, and had spurned it from him with disdain. Noble fellow! She looked eagerly—as eagerly as it was her nature to do—in his face. He looked not only delighted to see her, but there was an expression in his gaze and on his features which sent a thrill through her whole frame, unsusceptible as she was generally to emotion.

There flashed through her mind a thought.

"I once believed I cared for Wil as much as I might, could, should, or would for any one, but I love this man, and—"

What she would have supplemented was, however, a foregone conclusion, save that now she resolved by superhuman exertion to urge her secretly formed and fostered scheme to success.

She pressed his hand, after he had pressed hers, and she permitted her eyes for a moment to look into his eyes. "The noble youth" who receives that unheralded pressure from a soft hand, and the soft, beaming look from such eyes as hers, feels as Earl Marston felt, and yields up the reins to his imagination, as Earl Marston did.

It is needless to describe how she became separated from the centumvir-like Lady Micheldever, or how she found herself hanging on Marston's arm, and stepping slowly down an awning-covered flight of marble steps into an arched, winding, flower bedecked avenue, leading into a system of spacious conservatories, vineries, and hot-houses, brilliant with blossoms and flowers from all parts of the world. She did not know herself—she did not care. She knew only, with an unbetrayed fluttering of the heart, that she should within a few minutes be alone with him, and then—"

Ah! still the same details of her cherished scheme arraying themselves before her eyes as they had done from the first, save that now her heart, her mind, her hopes, her very name and life, rested on their successful moves, and with them the achievement of her desperate project—for it was desperate, there is no doubt about that.

And now, in a glass house, which had been overlooked, because it branched from the rest with an out-of-the-way sort of look, surrounded by plants vying with all the brilliant hues of the rainbow, the atmosphere faint with delicate fragrance and balmy odors, causing a delicious languor to steal over those within its influence, and lending an adventitious but no mean charm to looks and words indicative of the tender passion, if not absolutely direct, Gabrielle found herself to be quite alone with Earl Marston.

She affected a pensive look and tone, and assumed a thoughtful mien. At the same time she appeared to be—and she was not—quite unconscious that she was alone with him; or, if conscious, to think there was nothing noticeable in the circumstance.

"I am quite glad we have met, Marston," she murmured, after satisfying herself by furtive glances no one was near, and pretending to inhale the perfume of a delicate-tinted exotic. "It is like stumbling unexpectedly on one's brother after one has been separated from one's party at a *rout*."

"A brother," echoed Marston, venturing to repeat the word in a satirical tone.

"Well," she responded, with an easy nonchalance. "You are, you know, a familiar friend of the whole family, and I fastened on you, finding myself alone as it were here, as I should naturally upon so convenient a relation."

"Your people are not here I assume by your suggestions," he responded, with a smile, "and by your appearance in the train of that grenadier woman, Lady Micheldever, and her stale old parrot-beaked daughters—"

"Fie, Marston—that is scandal," she replied, tapping his wrist with her fan playfully. "They are very good people in their way. Heigho! Yes, my people are away, scattered over the four quarters of the globe for aught I know. They disappeared abruptly and mysteriously—did not, as, indeed, they seldom do, favor me with a notice of their movements, and, in fact, I know no more than you or that typical man in the moon when they will turn the light of their countenances upon me again."

"Do you not know the reason of their sudden departure from London?" he interrogated with unequivocal surprise.

"I do not. It is an unriddled enigma of the fabled Sphynx," she answered with indifference.

"You amaze me! The importance to you, Miss Luttrell, is paramount!" he exclaimed, with some vigor.

"To me! What is it?" she asked, betraying the surprise that she really felt.

"You are acquainted with the death of your grandfather, surely, Miss Luttrell?" he pursued, quickly.

"My grandfather," she repeated, turning on a sudden a shade paler.

"Yes, Mark Vane Guy Gray Luttrell, Earl of Templecombe," he rejoined, rapidly. "You are presumed to be his heiress. Under any circumstances you must inherit enormous wealth by his death. The Rokebys are well aware of this, and I am astounded they did not at once put you in possession of news of such deep interest to you. This accounts for the general surprise at seeing you here, and not in mourning."

Gabrielle was not at all astonished now at the strange looks which had greeted her, nor was she surprised that the earl's death had not been communicated to her, and she knew why, though she kept that knowledge to herself.

She shrugged her shoulders, and returned in an indifferent manner, so excellently acted, that she completely deceived him—

"The Rokebys are an impetuous race. The news is certainly exciting. They will all, I have no doubt, reap pecuniary advantage under this death, which, of course, does not raise any sorrowful emotions in me, as I never saw the old earl, and rarely heard speak of him. They would all be so anxious to ascertain what has befallen them in a fortune they do not need, that I quite understand how they came to overlook me altogether."

"Yet," he said, rather indignantly, "your interests are greater than theirs. It seems to me that you are the first person to whom they should have communicated the good—that is the important news of the earl's death."

Again she elevated her shoulders slightly.

"They know that I care little for rank or wealth," she answered, in a tone of affected depression and weariness, "and I suppose they are quite sure that what will be mine must be Wil's; and so—and so indeed it should be, with my freest of free will if there were any heart—true, affectionate, loving heart—to offer me in return; but—"

"You are betrothed to your cousin, Wil Rokeby," observed the earl, huskily, and with a flushed face, as she paused apparently from inward emotion.

"Oh, yes, the old story," she replied, looking into his face with an expression that made him quiver from head to foot like an aspen leaf. "Hands not hearts."

"Your fortune is your own, I presume, Miss Luttrell," he suggested in a lower tone.

She drooped her eyes beneath his ardent gaze, and replied slowly—

"I understood so, exclusively," and she thought with a pang "exclusively," but added, I do not know."

"You can exercise your free will, I apprehend, in this marriage?" he urged.

She shook her head slightly and sadly.

"Nay," he subjoined, impetuously, "no law in the land can force you to marry against your will."

"But I am so jealously guarded, so watched, so surrounded with influences,"

she returned—"it would not seem so, yet I am—that I could not well or successfully oppose my inclinations against the forces which could be brought to bear against me. It is arranged that I am to marry my Cousin Wil, and I suppose I must marry my Cousin Wil without the least portion of a heart being imported into the business at all."

"It is by no means a question of must," replied the earl, growing hotter and more excited. "You have but to snap your fingers at the betrothal, and say, 'I will not marry my Cousin Wil Rokeby,' and the thing is done."

She raised her eyes furtively and imperceptibly; she saw that he had reached the melting point, and needed but an observation to boil over. She submitted it to him.

"*Cui bono?*" she remarked, with a slight, a very slight, silvery laugh. "Cousin Wil is a ready-made husband for me, and"—she lowered her voice into a plaintive tone—"who is the recluse? No one in the whole wide wide world who does or would care for me in the sense of true affection if I were a pennile-s girl."

The earl fell upon one knee, and taking her hand, which, it seemed fortunately, happened to be within reach, he pressed it in both his—

"Gabrielle, I love you," he exclaimed, with passionate ardor. "I would take you with no other dowry than your own beauty, even if you were a lowly peasant girl. Be mine!"

She turned away her face, and he heard her moan almost piteously. She did not remove her hand. Presently she murmured—

"You cannot be in earnest, Marston? You—you—do not love *me?*"

"With my whole soul, Gabrielle," he answered, impetuously. "Indeed, you may believe me!"

She withdrew her hand from his, and, as if writhing with mental torture, she cried, tearfully—

"No—no—it cannot be! I believe you, Marston. You are a man of irreproachable honor. You would make no such utterances to me in sport—"

"I would perish rather!" he cried, vehemently.

"I am grateful—so grateful—so very grateful!" she proceeded, real, bright, glittering tears exuding from her eyelids. "It is only due to your generous, undeserved confession for me to say, if there be in this world one man to whom I would sooner give my hand, with my whole love, heart, truth in it, it is you, Marston, and you deserve this acknowledgment from me. Yet it must not—cannot be!"

"Why not, Gabrielle, if you will it?" he demanded, in a determined tone, leaping to his feet.

"How—how am I to break through the meshes in which I am completely entangled?" she interrogated, spreading out her hands with a cleverly-simulated passionate gesture.

"It is answered in one word," he replied, bending his lips to her ear.

"And that is—" she whispered.

"Elope!" was the reply.

She placed her hands to her temples as if thunder-struck—stood like one distraught and speechless.

He rained a thousand arguments urging his proposition in her ears. She objected, and objected, and objected. She was companionless, friendless, without an adviser on whom she could rely—knew not what arrangements to make, or how to act.

He offered a plan. It was very simple. She was to act in all respects as hitherto; but at a given hour on a day to be named she was to be at a certain spot with her maid. All other arrangements were to be confided to his care.

"If we are discovered and overtaken before you are my dear wife, Gabrielle," he exclaimed, emphatically, "I shall deserve to lose you."

Before they quitted the little nook they had plighted faith in, they made all their di-positions, and after one close embrace—one long, long passionate kiss—on his side, at least—they separated.

It was late ere she returned to her sleeping chamber, and she dismissed her maid almost immediately.

Upon her table she saw a card. It was Colonel Waldron's. She tossed it contemptuously to the floor, and pressing both hands on her heart, drawing her form erect, and gazing at herself in a tall glass, she, with a triumphant expression in her eyes and on her face, said, in a tone it would be vain to attempt to describe—

"Mine! Saved!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DECLINE OF ROMANCE.

Mr. John Ruskin heartily detests the railway, because it is at war with the picturesque, and converts travelling into a swift and tiresome rush through dark cuts, under dismal tunnels and over prosaic embankments. It is certain that the railway has destroyed the romance that clustered about the old-fashioned stage-coach, from which the traveller enjoyed the picturesque beauty of valley and hill-side; but it is only one of the many instruments by which modern civilization is expelling sentiment and romance from every-day life. Steam is essentially prosaic; and whether it associate itself with the manufactory, or with travel, by sea or by land, its breath everywhere withers the dainty flowers of poetic fancy.

Within the last twenty years we have seen the prosaic effects of steam in the mercantile service and in the navy. There was once a fascination in the life of the sailor, which exists no longer. The boy who dreamed of furling the lofty skysails of a clipper-ship, or passing the weather earing in a gale of wind, until an unconquerable longing for the adventurous life of a sailor drew him from his country home, is now only a tradition of the past. No boy, however fond he may be of adventure, finds any fascination in the prospect of shoveling coal into a steamer's furnace, or in cleaning and oiling her intricate machinery. Steam has driven the sailor from the mercantile service, and the few packet-ships that yet ply between this country and Europe are manned by the refuse of cities, by men who are neither sailors nor landsmen, but whom such element is alike ready to spurn out of existence.

In the navy, steam complicated with the devices of Ericsson, has made the sailor of Marryat's novels no longer possible. A chase has ceased to be decided by the skillful trimming of sails, but has become a test of the relative strength of two steam-boilers. There is no longer a captain of the maintop, for that lofty locality is untenable because of smoke, and the crowding stoker has made the able seaman a superfluity. Even Midshipman Easy, when placed on board a monitor, loses his boyish spirits and his capacity for mischief. He is no longer a "reefer," for on board the monitor there is nothing to be reefed—if we except the smoke-stack. He cannot be mast-headed for stealing the Captain's sherry, for the monitor boasts no mast, and to send the guilty young gentleman to the top of the turret, the loftiest locality on ship-board, would be equivalent to sending him to the weather-quarter deck of an old-time frigate. There is plainly no room for romance on the monitor, and the midshipman so clearly recognizes the fact that he has no longer the heart to play those ingenious tricks on the Purser, with the narration of which Capt. Marryat was accustomed to divert his ingenuous readers.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ "Academy of Billiards" is the latest, "University of Base Ball" next, and possibly "National Institute for Instruction in Marbles."

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

Despite his eagerness to return to establish himself in the old Branwell House, Branwell felt all the lonesome heartaching of an exile when he had reached the manorial house, and fitted it up with the warm colors, the accessories of perhaps a too luxurious taste. Spring, which he had fancied far advanced when he left France, lingered long away from this cold northern country, and it was June before the glorious vitality of a coming summer seemed near to the land.

It was a life of unrest, and yet of a soothing quiet, which Branwell began in those weeks of solitude. The peace of a life not ill spent thus far was bringing a healthful content to his heart, and thus idling among his books and his outdoor sports, he began to think of himself as perhaps made for one of those country gentlemen whose hopes do not extent beyond the day. He discovered that a rich man, with a country house of rare sylvan and seaside attractions, is not without friends to break the solitude.

July suns had hardly warmed the cold air into fervid beatings, when, returning from a long stroll on the beach, made murderous by a gun in his hand and two or three birds in his game-bag, Branwell, entering his grounds by a rear gate, heard from the lawn the laughter and voices of a party who had invaded his retreat. He found some gay friends he had met in Paris, two young Americans and a young Parisian, a boy of nineteen or twenty, whose life Branwell had saved, by a fortunate accident, two years before. Branwell's face brightened as he saw them. With the courteous ease that distinguished him, he advanced, while one of them exclaimed:

"You see, Branwell, it's no use for you to attempt playing the bachelor hermit—not so long as we can make a raid upon your dominions."

Branwell's words of welcome were heartfelt, for indeed the presence of the genial party was very revivifying to him, who had nothing of the recluse in his nature. The enthusiastic clasp of the hand and glance of the eyes of the Frenchman seemed an elixir of joy to him, and the guests found in their host an exhilarating gayety which would have made a less luxurious home attractive, and day followed day in the careless freedom of untrammelled life.

"By the arching of your brows I should say the mail brought you news," said Victor as they sat after supper one night, and Branwell was hastily opening and reading his letters.

"Some women to make this pagan world a paradise," laughed Branwell. "Victor, arm thyself in gallantry, for this letter informs me that we may hourly expect my aunt, two cousins, and a friend who is staying with them—all ladies."

Victor, who stood by the window, exclaimed, "And the sound of approaching wheels heralds their arrival;" and an instant later the two young men came to his side, and Branwell stepped into the veranda. "Good heavens, gentlemen, do you see that lady?" The eyes of the mercurial boy flashed flame, ruby color sprang to cheeks in intensity of his surprise and admiration.

"It is Proserpine," said one, peering through the vines as the carriage drew near.

"Nay, by all the gods, it is the divine mother of love; it is Venus!" said Victor, remaining in forgetful admiration while the others escaped to their rooms.

Branwell stood upon the steps and saw the familiar faces of his relatives; then a deep flush rose to his face as he saw, leaning back in her seat, surrounded by that indescribable air of refinement and grace, Miss Lorillard, no longer pale from illness, but with the faint, transparent carmine of health baptizing her face in rarest beauty. In that swift sensation of surprise there was mingled with its pleasure a feeling of alarm, an anxiety which exasperated Branwell.

"This is my nephew, Miss Lorillard," said Mrs. Richmond, the aunt, standing upon the steps and looking complacently forward already to the time when a love affair might spring up between the two, for Mrs. Richmond had become captive to the power of her new friend.

There was some infusion of coldness in Branwell's greeting, which Miss Lorillard could not fail to detect, and it gave the keynote to her own manner. With the most polite of distant finger clasps she said with suavity—

"I did not anticipate, when Mrs. Richmond persuaded me to visit with her, that I should find my host and her nephew the Mr. Branwell whom I had met."

That cool indifference made Branwell instantly repent, and gave a warmth to his manner which must have satisfied his guests.

Words have such meagre power to picture the days that followed—days over which was the arch of a golden summer, in which was the penetrating power of some Circe, shedding over that gay household the smiles of lips that could not be easily forgotten. The ladies were ephemeral, brilliant, shallow; among them Miss Lorillard shone with infatuating lustre, for her tact never led her astray, never gave a wrong turn to converse, never the glance that should have been different or withheld.

To those who interpreted by face, by glance, by tones, the life of the young Frenchman had come to the dazzling romance, the enchanted ground of youth. He loved, or rather he adored with vehement passion, this woman of fair face who had come to him a princess of richness and purity.

It was a day of grayness; a sombre gloom spread over the sky; the sea heaved upward in a long leaden line, dark as the heavens under which it breathed. That breath of the east, piercing and yet full of wild exhilaration, swept over the water, over the shining sands, and up across the veranda of the Branwell House, where Miss Lorillard stood in riding habit, her face impatiently turned toward the stables.

Victor, coming up the path that led along the marsh at one side of the house, saw that figure with that thrill of fiery life which blesses or curses youth. He sprang forward and reached her side just as a groom was leading her horse up to the steps. He stood eager, palpitating, and put her on her horse, saying:—

"Miss Lorillard, give me leave to accompany you."

She stooped over him as he stood leaning against her horse, while he arranged her drapery, the soft folds seeming to him a touch of something dear and alive.

She caressed him with her eyes, letting her glance linger on the enthusiastic, handsome face.

"But I am bound on a solitary expedition," she said softly.

"But I will not break that solitude. I will be mute; take me as a faithful follower," he pleaded.

"Be faithful and stay at home," she said.

"But the day is dark and cheerless," he urged, permitted, unwittingly encouraged, by her face and voice. "I feel that I could even protect you from the elements themselves. Let me go."

She drew up the lines from her horse's neck, exclaiming:—

"Rash boy, who would dare the elements! No, I will go alone now, as always;" and her horse paced *statelily* down the avenue, leaving the young man with a deep crimson on cheek and lips, a thrilling remembrance of the indescribable sadness of tone which had said "as always."

Miss Lorillard, riding along the sandy road and on to the wide beach, had entirely forgotten Victor. Her face had lost its look of seductive allurement, and was turned gravely toward that dark, retreating sea. The sharp, gusty wind swept a vivid color to her cheeks.

Far out, on the bosom of that wind, was rising a heavy fog, gray, like this sunless day. Faster and faster she rode, the quick strokes of her horse's feet, the vast roll of the water, the only sounds that she heard. So she rode over the sands, leaving the Branwell House a phantom mansion at the end of the beach, and none in that house could see the restlessness, the defiance, the longing on the face schooled to look as the woman willed.

Meanwhile the day wore on. The fog reached the land, enveloped it in its damp embrace.

Victor wandered restlessly about the house, his eyes often trying to pierce the cloud that hung over the beach, that made things indiscernible when but a few yards away.

Branwell, returning from an absence since morning, found the house insufferably dull. With wearied, half-smothered yawns, he tried chess with his aunt, tried to listen to music from his cousin, all the while unconsciously listening for a sweep of drapery, a step in the hall, a hand on the door that should prelude the entrance of Miss Lorillard.

Victor, too, was absent, and Branwell thought vexatiously that he was detaining her. But soon Victor entered, unmistakably wearied.

Branwell saw him hang his wet coat in the hall, then saunter in with a quick glance around the room.

Quelling with inward indignation his impatience, Branwell scorned to ask for Miss Lorillard; but Victor, leaning gloomily upon the window, turned and said:

"Has Miss Lorillard returned?"

Branwell listened to the answer that she was expected soon. He turned abruptly from the music, and exclaimed, rather than said: "From where is Miss Lorillard to return—across the beach?"

Mrs. Richmond looked up in placid surprise, and Victor gazed at his host with greatening eyes, feeling some indefinable anxiety.

"Miss Lorillard took a fancy to ride over to Darton village alone this morning," was the response, "and she said she should be back about this time. Is it not so, Monsieur Victor?"

Victor impolitely shook his head, his glance upon Branwell's blanching face.

Branwell started to the door, asking as he went: "Does Miss Lorillard know anything about the tides in the bay?"

Mrs. Richmond rose in alarm, and her daughter from the piano looked back, terror upon her face, but deep in her heart the lingering shadow of the envy she had felt.

"Indeed, I do not know," said Mrs. Richmond hurriedly. "I am sure I don't know anything about the tides myself; I don't think she does."

Branwell did not stay to explain. The next moment he was in the stable, throwing a saddle upon his horse. As he did so a hand was laid upon his arm, and pallid lips asked:

"Branwell, for God's sake, what is the danger?"

Even then Branwell felt a pitying interest that made him half pause in his hurried movements as he said:

"I only fear she will attempt to cross the beach at the turn of the tide. I am going round to Darton by the road to reach her before she starts home, if possible. The tide turns in less than an hour." He sprang upon his horse, then glancing round once more, he bent forward and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Victor!" he exclaimed in a subdued voice, "what is this woman to you?"

The utter pain of Victor's face appealed to the man's heart, and the tone he used was tender as if it had been to a son.

Victor's slender hands interlocked each other, his eyes burned beneath a sparkling humidity. "She is all the world—life, heaven itself. I would sacrifice my soul for her!" he murmured. "And I cannot save her—that is for you."

Branwell loosened his rein. "It is safest that I should go," he said; then turning he flung back on the damp air the words: "Victor, thy salvation is thy youth. Be a Telemachus; let no Calypso charm thee!" and galloped away, his horse cleaving the mist and vanishing.

That ride to him seemed ever after a dream—a dream of curious feeling. He felt that he could annihilate space to reach that village before Miss Lorillard should leave it. Every moment his ears seemed stung by that swift on-rushing roar, but it was not yet time. His foaming horse at last gained the street of the little village. He rode up to the post-office, knowing that Miss Lorillard sometimes posted and received letters there.

"Had she been there?"

"Yes."

"How long since? had she returned?"

"Not more than fifteen minutes since she and a gentleman rode away toward the beach."

Branwell could have cursed him for the thoughtlessness that let a stranger go at time of high tide across the sands. But he turned silently, a gray pallor settling over his face, his nerves strung to a tenseness that after-vibration would show. So interested was he that he hardly noticed the mention of a man being with her.

Back again into the thick fog that over hung the beach he pressed, riding along the stony ridge of high-tide mark. One of those sudden flaws of wind, like a touch of the divine hand itself, blew strongly across the land, lifting a stratum of fog clear up along the shore, and revealing the white foam of the dark water, the flat level of marsh and beach.

It seemed to Branwell that he could have pierced with his eyes, as with a sword, the whole length of the miles and miles of sand.

He had ridden but a few rods when this blessed wind swept up the dampness, and he saw, far down the beach, by the very edge of the water, the figure of a woman, not on horseback, but walking with that slow movement with which one walks by the ocean.

Branwell's pulses bounded with the throbs of unutterable thanks. Only let him reach her! In the enthusiasm of that moment in which he spurred down the slope he could have given life for her he had come to rescue.

Hardly a rod had the brave horse leaped, when there came that long shuddering boom that betokens the tidal marvel. The water crested itself, it rushed, it rolled. Onward pressed the horse, vibrating, trembling, but still on. Branwell saw Miss Lorillard turn and flee back; he saw that at every step her feet sank further and further in the softening sand. His animal's feet drew hardly from the sucking, treacherous stuff, but a moment before so firm. Far up, the wild hogs feeding on the debris of the beach, at that first horrible sound, turned snorting and ran before the tide.

He was now so near that he could see her plainly; the hat thrown off revealed her face, ghastly, and yet with a determined strife in it. Her long riding-dress was swung dexterously over her arm; her feet, tightly shod in thick boots, at first bounding over the sand, now pulled with painful difficulty, and she lagged with panting breath. Every step she sank deeper, and the swift motion of Branwell's horse had changed to the painful step that seemed as if every instant it must yield.

"One moment more!" cried Branwell. "One struggle more! Oh, Miss Lorillard, you will not give it up!" As he spoke the fog settled down again, a spray from the oncoming water drenched them both; he stooped from his horse, he caught her up without actually stopping to do so. At that moment Branwell felt within himself a strength more than human. He instilled into that quivering horse the indomitable resolve he felt. The beast toiled and battled with the agony of that time; he thundered, he struggled back with his double burden.

At last, with a shrill cry of terror, he sprang upon the ridge and sank down on the stones, every muscle relaxed and strengthless.

Branwell slipped from beneath his fallen steed, and, himself weak and tremulous, sat on the ridge, the water boiling and seething at his feet, while he supported in his arms the woman he had saved. The damp gold of her hair fell over his arm, her eyes were closed, the breath that swept his face was so faint that he almost doubted if he felt it. In the gloom, the intensity of that moment it seemed to Branwell that the angels of his life were at war with each other. Strangely, with that imperial head upon his shoulder, there came before him the memory of the night of his marriage—the vows so false and mocking that he had uttered. Miss Lorillard had in some way entered his life, had coiled sinuously about thoughts before entirely unoccupied. There was a power in her presence to which he yielded. Every spark of gallantry in him obeyed her slightest behest. If art there had been, it was art so veiled as to be exquisite.

In swift flashes all of their intercourse sped through his brain, as he held her on that wild beach, waiting for a return of consciousness.

That sigh, the precursor to the glance, trembled over her lips; the deep, lambent eyes opened, and the hand pushed back the masses of hair that trailed over her face and neck—the struggle of returning thought to the enervated body. She looked at the face above her with its glance fixed upon her, the hair and beard dripping with the brine from whence she had been rescued. The horse had regained his feet, and stood mutely awaiting his master, his nostrils dilating with his heavy breath. They were shut in by the fog; apparently they might have been alone in the world—this horse, this man, and this woman of marvellous face.

Branwell waited till she should speak, but she was silent. She raised her head and looked down at the swirling water, and the breath she drew was a convulsive shudder.

"Miss Lorillard," said Branwell, "this has not been an agreeable introduction to the Bay of Fundy. Hereafter I can trust you out of my sight, and know that you will remember this tide."

She looked up at him, and in that mutual gaze was something that for the moment raised in Branwell's soul an indescribable tumult. Her magnetic eyes seemed glancing through his being, and yet he was not happy.

"Remember? Oh, I cannot forget!" she said in that voice scarcely above a whisper, which when rightly attuned, is capable of holding all grades of passion or supplication, love or tenderness. To him who listened, there seemed a tone of everything in that voice. Never had he heard it thus before, but unaccountably no master chord of his heart stirred; roused though he was through all the superficial, evanescent emotions of his nature, no tone of grandest and best vibrated within him; and yet he was charmed, enthralled in a manner by this woman whom he had just saved from a horrible death.

She uttered no words of thanks; words after that voice, that glance, would have been tame and insufficient.

She had removed from his arms, and was gathering her hair in a coil, wringing the sea water from it.

"I am too mortal to envy the sea nymphs after this," she said, with one deft twist fastening her hair in that most trying of all fashions to the beauty of a head and face, the old Grecian twist.

Branwell had risen, and, holding his horse by the bridle, with the other hand he assisted her to rise. Thus standing for a moment with clasped hands, and looks bent upon each other, there came the sound of swift hoofs, and from the mist emerged a horseman, whose face, with its white eagerness, gleamed ghostly—a phantom rider.

With a sudden exclamation, Victor drew up and dismounted. He stood beside the lady, clasping her hands with trembling grasp, probing that face with his passionate eyes, unable, at presence of her danger, as yet to speak a word.

Evidently the lady did not just relish that revealment of interest. She withdrew her hands; a pale, icy smile flitted across her lips. Branwell, looking on, pitied sincerely this boy whom he loved.

To Victor this was the first experience of her coolness; he shuddered inwardly, as if stricken by a blast from the land of snow. But deep in his soul was still thrilling that glance of soft encouragement that had so penetrated him that morning when she rode away. This sudden freak seemed the incubus of a dream.

"Miss Lorillard," he stammered, "are you injured?"

"Not at all," was the reply.

"Then Branwell reached you in time," he exclaimed.

Miss Lorillard's eyes glanced coolly from her interrogator's face to that of Branwell, and Victor writhed at the tone and look with which she said—

"Yes, Mr. Branwell was just in time to save me."

The boy suffered dreadfully. Riding forth, with his impetuous heart throbbing with love and fear, to meet this woman pale and languid, just rescued by another man, and to have her meet him with indifference—that was maddening.

Perhaps neither of those two men had any suspicion of the impatience, the anger, that Miss Lorillard felt at that intrusion. The smile that had so warned Victor could have willingly struck him down.

Branwell thought this scene, from some intangible cause, one of the most disagreeable, and without knowing why, his voice was somewhat cold as he said—

"Miss Lorillard, allow me to put you on my horse; we will walk home over the ridge."

"I will not so trouble you, particularly as there is no need of it; you will find my horse fastened at the head of the beach yonder. We will all ride home as gayly as if I had not occasioned this scene."

If there was some latent bitterness in Miss Lorillard's nature, it was not then visible. The scorn and anger that had struggled to appear were now quelled.

Without a word, Victor mounted his horse and galloped after the steed of the lady. The two waiting stood in utter silence. Branwell had no idea why it was, but the charm, the exquisite romance of that time was lost. Not a pulse bounded while standing by her side.

A flush gradually mounted to her very brow. The quelled anger must hang out its banner of crimson.

It was but a few moments before Victor returned, and the three rode slowly back to the house, a silence that seemed almost gloom settling upon them, and Miss Lorillard would make no effort to dispel it.

But the next morning, though languid and pale, she came down to breakfast with the old smiles, the old power of driving ennui from the house. When she saw Victor alone, though there was nothing in the words she said, yet he suddenly became exhilarated as if by wine; despair left his eyes, and they lightened beneath hers.

Some sort of a change seemed to have come over the household. Miss Lorillard drooped, grew thin and pale. Since the ride on the beach, she had struggled to maintain the gracious vivacity which is hardest of all things to assume when physically dejected. Evidently Miss Lorillard was ill, or getting to be so, and the fact, the seductive languor of face and attitude, made the heart of Victor ache with that wild longing to comfort, to soothe, to infuse strength into this woman, who had become of all the world the one woman to him.

"I believe Miss Lorillard is ill," said Mrs. Richmond, standing beside her nephew and looking on to the lawn where Victor and Miss Lorillard were walking—the thin face of the lady looking so clear and shadowy as to well warrant the passionate tenderness that Victor could not conceal.

Branwell started and looked at the two.

Was she the cause of the unhappiness he had felt—the dissatisfaction almost amounting to rebellion?

"Does she say she is ill?" he asked.

"She says nothing about it," was the reply; then, after a moment's silence, "is it not singular, that Frenchman's infatuation concerning her."

Branwell winced under the words and his aunt's keen eyes. In truth the woman was angry with her nephew that he had not made swifter wooing.

"She is magnificent," he said; "nothing is singular that should be caused by her beauty."

"You do not act as you speak," she said, with a quiet contempt.

"I know my own life best, dear aunt. Do not make more intricate the path I walk," he said with coldness, that made it impossible for her to speak again on the subject.

The next day the physician pronounced the fiat of travel for Miss Lorillard. She received it quietly and went up to her room, leaving Mrs. Richmond full of a project to which the doctor's words had given birth.

"William," she said, confidentially, "let us all go to Niagara. We shall make up such a delightful party—and the journey will be just the thing for Miss Lorillard. What do you say?"

Branwell was eager to go: he perhaps might exorcise the unquietness within him—lay to rest forever the ghost of doubt that was pursuing him. And he felt that he could never be at ease, never sleep freely, until he had solved the doubt that was ever present with him. Was Miss Lorillard his wife? Was this the woman to whom he had pledged himself? Never by one word, never by anything tangible could he have said that she knew that he was her husband; and yet he felt in some way that he was held to her by some tie which she could recognize, though it was unknown to him.

The journey was arranged; Victor was to accompany them, and it was the night before their departure—a night of ineffable summer time—when through the faint, warm mists the stars shone with the near lustre of that season, and the sea rolled out before them, its deep heart calm as the night which blessed it.

Victor went down the path to meet the postman, and returned with a letter which bore a French postmark, and which clouded his face with a fear that he might be recalled. As he walked across that garden, fragrant with blooms and perfumed greenery, he saw Branwell bending over the figure of Miss Lorillard, her face upraised, and in the star sheen looking more divinely beautiful than ever.

When Victor came down from his room there was the glow of some passionate impulse upon his face. He pushed through the shrubbery to where he had seen Miss Lorillard. On his way he met Branwell and Mrs. Richmond, and with a pulsebound of terrible eagerness he thought that Miss Lorillard was alone. But he found one of the Misses Richmond with her. Curbing with an effort the emotion which possessed him, his gleaming eyes still revealed to Miss Lorillard the fire he could not subdue; and when Miss Richmond rose to join her mother, Miss Lorillard rose also, with some light word to Victor to accompany them.

The light word, the careless glance seemed to ignite the fury of jealousy, despair, and envy which was consuming the young man.

His burning hand detained, with a touch upon her arm, Miss Lorillard as she was turning away. She looked back with a smile upon her face, ignoring the desperation in his, and said:

"Your commands, sir?" with that lightness that is so heartless when one feels in such sincere earnest.

"My entreaty is that you will grant me your presence for awhile," he said, in the controlled voice of excitement.

"But, monsieur, there is a grand powwow concerning a change in our journey. Must I forego participation in that?"

The continued unconcern of her manner goaded him to the exclamation:

"Forego nothing, Miss Lorillard, not one trifle, even for the sake of my eternal happiness."

Hearing those words, and looking at the speaker, no one could charge them with exaggeration. Miss Lorillard turned at the touch and tone, and said, "Victor!" with that mingling of surprise and kindness with which such women address a man whose love they cannot help but know.

With imperative gesture Victor placed her hand within his arm and walked with her along that perfumed path to a deeper solitude. Even at that moment Victor could not suspect her falseness. His whole soul was ready to rush through his lips, a fiery essence that might inflame the imagination if it did not reach the heart of her to whom it should be offered.

"I have a letter to-night recalling me home immediately," he said.

"Ah, then we are to lose you? We shall be very sorry. Can you not postpone your departure?" she said, in tones of warm politeness, that tortured the poor fellow till he could have killed both her and himself, and died with a wild joy that thus he died with her. Overleaping all her kind indifference, he turned his flaming eyes upon her and said, with all the ardor of youth and of the South, "I love you, Miss Lorillard. I love you with fury, with madness, with life and death!"

His lips trembled with those fierce words, his head was bent toward her, but still he restrained himself from even touching the fingers that lay upon his arm.

It was impossible that such words and such a presence should not call a faint flush to her cheeks, but she withdrew her hand from his arm with admirable astonishment, her cool, beautiful eyes stabbing him as she spoke:

"Victor, I am surprised, inexpressibly sorry."

He fastened her gaze with his gleaming eyes, and said: "Are you surprised? Has my whole being been thus awakened by you, and you have not known it?"

"I have told you," she said, and then with a soft measuring of her words, and with a heightened color, she continued: "And, Victor, even if I could love you, it would be a sin, for I am a wife."

Victor paused in his walk as though those words had paralyzed him; his face was white, so white, as he looked at his companion, that she involuntarily cried, "Victor, you are ill!" and took his icy hand in hers.

"No, madam," he said, with unconscious use of that word "madam," "I am very well." Then, with a sudden assumption of self-possession, he said:

"It is, perhaps, ungallant to ask of Miss Lorillard if she thinks it unusual that one should fall into the belief that she is unmarried! I cannot offer an apology for believing what she chose to wish that all should believe."

His voice, cold at first, wavered at the last, tremulous with the excitement and the blow he had received.

Her eyes drooped, and there was such deprecating music in her voice that he flushed again, trembling with her power.

"Victor! apparently I deserve all your reproach. I will try to bear it. Circumstances concerning which I cannot tell you have encompassed me in such a peculiar way that I am only free to act as I have done. With that meagre explanation, let the subject rest forever."

Victor did not reply. With French courtesy, he offered his arm, saying:

"Shall we go in?"

The woman saw with her keen, detective power that her companion had reached that pitch of intensity of feeling when he must of necessity appear cold, though his fiery lips, the white heat of his face betrayed the fire within him.

They walked in silence to the door; on the veranda Victor said, with that graceful touch of hat and bow which was second nature to him, "Adieu, madam; I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Miss Lorillard had not the effrontery to utter a word save a murmured farewell; and Victor walked across the marsh path to the rocky palisades of the beach.

Miss Lorillard entered the house; the company were assembled in the drawing-room in conclave concerning a different route proposed. She joined them animatedly discussed the plans, and only Branwell, who could not help watching her, discovered the absence of something unusual in her eyes, but no tone or gesture betrayed anything.

The morning dawned, as the night had departed, in the splendor of the summer solstice. At breakfast Victor had not appeared—but it was not unusual; the meal proceeded, enlivened by the careful talk, the polite jest. Midway through the repast a servant flung open the door, and with white face and wild eyes, exclaimed:

"Mr. Branwell, sir! the Frenchman!"

Even in that moment of surprise and alarm Branwell glanced at Miss Lorillard as he arose from the table, saying:

"What has happened to monsieur?"

She made a movement of terror, but now sat pale and silent, while the other ladies uttered exclamatory questions.

"He is on the beach, dead," said the servant, while his master put his hand on his shoulder and hurried him out, scarcely believing what he said, and the ladies, speechless with anxiety, huddled into the parlor to watch for Branwell's return.

"Take me down to him," said Branwell, and they strode hastily along the beach till they came upon the place where lay the figure of the Frenchman, his young face upturned to the rising sun, too motionless and cold ever to be warmed by that sun again. Branwell knelt upon those glittering sands that now appeared so heartless to him. He raised that head with its drenched, black hair, and looked down into the face, blank and expressionless forever, save that it held a look that seemed a sort of placid weariness. The waves that had thus tossed him upon the shore had swept backward, and were foaming far down the slope. Everything was sparkling with the abandon of a bright morning. Its brightness wounded Branwell to the heart. He held the beautiful head to his breast, not thinking whether the boy had ended a life no longer endurable, or whether some chance wave had come to him with the blessing of death in its embrace. He was dead—there was no hope of infusing life into those lips, for he had been dead many hours. The morning star had smiled coldly upon him in the hours of early dawn.

Sitting thus with the boy in his arms and his servant standing awestruck near, there came a light step, and after awhile of intent looking, a voice said:

"He will live? He is not dead?"

Branwell could not immediately look up. He knew what figure of grace was near him, and that knowledge grated upon him through all his nature—why, he could not tell. He replied:

"There is no hope. He is long since dead."

Still Miss Lorillard stood, her eyes fixed upon the group—that man who had died for love of her—that other man, strong, self-reliant, thus far impregnable, whom she hoped she might some day bid live for love of her. In her turbulent heart at that instant there was a darkness that in a woman of less persistency would have become despondency.

Branwell beckoned to his servant and bade him go and make arrangements for conveying the body of Victor up to the house.

Miss Lorillard came nearer, stooping to look at the face of the boy. She appeared impelled by some impulse to gaze upon the icy face that last night had looked such passionate love to her.

"My God!" she murmured, "is this thing possible!"

Branwell raised his eyes and met her glance.

"It is possible," he said. "He was a fiery young Frenchman, and you—oh, have you not been verily a woman to him?"

The words were spoken with that sorrow that strikes one as most bitter of all, the sorrow that permits of sarcastic reproach.

Miss Lorillard sank on her knees by Victor's side; she pressed her hand upon her heart, that hand Victor's lips had burned to kiss. Tears filled her eyes and fell over her white cheeks. For a moment neither of them spoke or moved. Branwell's heart softened toward her as he looked. Again he felt that power which she held. He had been harsh to that beautiful woman, whose tears were almost mingling with his.

"Miss Lorillard," he said, "my grief has made me bitter. I can but ask forgiveness from you."

It was not easy to forget her face as she looked at him; it was not easy to feel one doubt of those tear-wet eyes; and yet Branwell, deeply and strangely as he felt attracted, could not rest in an utter belief in her.

"Mr. Branwell," she said, in a voice whose music seemed enhanced by the tremor in it, "I cannot bear that you should misunderstand me; that you do, I know. Here beside this boy, whom I respected and loved, even in his death, I feel that you know me still less than before." Her voice broke; she was apparently unable to go on.

Branwell's eyes, though misty with tears, burned with an almost passionate interrogation of this woman's nature. At that moment he could not imagine the art of this well-chosen interview. Her presence was telling more forcibly than ever upon him.

His servant returned accompanied by a fellow servant; they placed Victor on a stretcher and conveyed him to the house. As the two men moved away, Branwell turned to Miss Lorillard, whose tearful eyes were following the form that was being borne across the beach. No sign betrayed her knowledge that his gaze was upon her.

"If she is an actress—good heavens, whom would she not deceive!" he thought, believing at that moment that he could stake much upon her truth and honor.

After a moment she turned with a movement of weariness from the place, and walked slowly along, following the sad group in advance.

Branwell with an impulsive movement stepped to her side and clasped the listless hand with a fervid touch, the ardor to a feeling she had failed hitherto to rouse in him.

He held the hand tight clasped. His eyes were striving to penetrate her soul.

"That boy loved you," he said, endeavoring with all his power to free this woman in his own soul from any tampering with such a love.

Still the lowered, quivering eyelids.

"Was it my fault, Mr. Branwell?" with the tremulous accents of wounded pride and sorrow.

"It is not your fault that you are marvellously beautiful," he murmured with more enthusiasm, more abandon than she had ever known before in him. In truth this mood, this time, touched him more deeply than he knew. The half-reproach he had at first felt was changed by her dexterous words and gestures into an impulse nearer akin to tenderness than anything he had known before. Miss Lorillard did not reply, but at last, to the glance fixed so earnestly on her, she raised her eyes in response. Alas, that human eyes cannot always obey the behests of their owners! An indefinite something in those eyes swimming in tears gave to Branwell an instantaneous feeling of distance. He released her hand, the ardor died from his face. Miss Lorillard averted her head that he should not see the flush of anger that dyed her cheeks.

"Indomitable man!" she thought, "I have some way made another false move. But I will yet subdue him."

The party of pleasuring travellers was detained a week. The funeral of the Frenchman was observed in the house of the friend he had loved so well; and the woman who had wounded him to death wept at his burial. It was not discovered whether Victor wilfully took his own life, or whether some misstep from the rocks gave him his death. To Branwell and Miss Lorillard, though neither of them spoke of it, there was little doubt that Victor ended voluntarily a life he deemed forever hopeless.

Branwell, the night before the day again fixed for their departure, was alone in the room his uncle had used for a library. He had caused all the principal papers belonging to his uncle to be removed here, as he intended this should be his home. He had been idly examining apartment after apartment of a huge desk which the elder Branwell had stuffed full of every kind of papers he had wished preserved. He had begun in search of a particular document, and that found, had continued poring over the yellowing papers. Frequently he saw mention of the ward, and she was always spoken of as "my daughter." Interested, he looked on, hoping now to find some picture, some hint of the face of this ward who was his wife, for hitherto he had never been able to find any shadow of that mythical person. He opened a large old-fashioned pocket-book, in whose recesses several letters were stored—letters in the handwriting of his uncle. With mere listless curiosity he unfolded the first that came to his hand; from it there uncurled a long, soft spiral of golden hair, of a hue so rare and beautiful that Branwell knew he had never seen it upon but one head, the head of Miss Lorillard. In texture and color it was precisely the same. Indeed, it seemed not likely that two persons should possess hair of that peculiar color.

Branwell's eyes dilated with such a complexity of feeling as almost deprived him of the power to read the paper which had enclosed it. It was something relating to this daughter, and it mentioned that he enclosed the lock of hair she had that day sent him from school, and that he should soon expect the picture. The hair coiled up on the palm of his hand, soft, with a sort of caressing. Why should he feel as if he should cast it from him, with the violence of a shudder? Absorbed in that discovery, he did not at first notice the phrase which mentioned a picture, but at last, laying down the hair which had exercised a sort of fascination over him, he turned again to the letter; then he looked eagerly in the apartments for the miniature. He came soon to it, a little daguerreotype case tied together with an envelope addressed in the hand of a school-girl, but still a hand that promised flowing characters for its maturity.

Branwell, with fast pulses and tingling blood, pushed the spring of the faded case; it was to be his first glimpse of his wife's features. The lid sprang open, and there, smiling at him, was the face of Miss Lorillard—her face, though younger, in her early teens. There could be no mistaking it. The brilliant blonde face, though here it was more in promise than in ripeness—a suggestion of all she had since become. The man gazed at that face with the feeling of one upon whom had fastened a nightmare from which he knew he never could waken. The Old Man of the Sea had been a light curse to bear, he thought. This woman, who had half fascinated him, from whom he had yet some way felt repelled—this woman, now that it appeared morally certain she was his wife, could lay claim to him, could announce him as her husband. He recoiled in despair from such a fate. As he looked, he remembered that still her presence might exercise the old power—that there might be moments when he could almost affirm that she possessed a charm more strong than any he should probably ever know. But away from her, as sometimes with her, he felt she was not only powerless to hold, but that she repelled all the best of his nature.

She had been travelling since her marriage. In what manner had she spent the fortune he had settled upon her? for that she had spent it, he concluded from the fact of her haunting his steps. Now that he was no longer the blind, helpless man whom she had married, or now that her freak, which he had so willingly obeyed, had subsided, she returned to him, safely disguised from his eyes, to win his love, as she had doubtless won the trust and affection of his warm-hearted uncle. Had she come to desire the position of his wife? Those eyes smiled sweetly upon him from the glass. He opened the letter which had accompanied the picture. Its style was young, but easy and correct; it was full of love to her father, of eagerness to get home, and contained a long account of school life. It was directed to the uncle's city residence, where he had lived for many years—always, Branwell thought, since he had adopted this girl. That long, girlish epistle would have been pleasant to Branwell had he read it any other time, had he thought of its author with other feelings.

Now he regretted, and not for the first time, the accident which had destroyed the only letter he had ever received from this girl—this girl, who, with an assumption of gravity at the close of her writing to her guardian, had signed herself F. Lorillard.

"Fermor Lorillard!" uttered Branwell under his breath, leaning back and dropping the sheet from his fingers. "She thought to win me, to infatuate me as she has probably done many other men, and then to reveal to me whose name she bore—to establish herself at once in my heart and my fortune. It must be rare sport to conquer one's husband!"

Branwell rose and walked the room. At length, pausing by the window and looking into the garden below, he saw Miss Lorillard walking slowly up and down by the parterre of blooming flowers, her head depressed as if in deep meditation. She looked unmistakably pallid and weak. Since the adventure on the beach, she had apparently not been well; the excitement, the exposure to the water had appeared to affect her; for she had suffered from a languor she could not dispel—a languor which made her irritated with herself when she had need of all her powers.

"She is not my wife!" Branwell said with grim earnestness. "If ever the time comes that she proclaims it, I will require the utmost proof. Oh, this is too humiliating! A woman in whom I cannot believe, try as hard as I may."

He felt an impulse to go down and question her concerning her past life, to probe her whose self-possession appeared impregnable.

In another moment he was at her side. She glanced at him quickly, detecting in the instant some change in his face, and guessing what it was, though she did not betray that supposition.

He made some desultory remark, then said, with an assumption of ease he did not feel:

"Do you know, Miss Lorillard, you appear to me a mystery, which I cannot solve? Are you really so mysterious, or do you envelop yourself in an incognito to attract the interest of poor mortals like myself?"

"Put curiosity in the place of interest," she said, before I can reply."

"No, I cannot conscientiously do that," he replied. It *is* interest that I feel, Miss Lorillard. Can you doubt it?"

Had his words been lover-like in the least, she would have known how to reply, but they were not. He was the most impracticable man she ever knew. And what made her most angry of all, she felt, despite herself, a feeling for him that, with satirical self-derision, she denominated "*une grande passion*," and it was in truth as near that as she could know. It was perhaps that which gave her that curious ebb and flow of power over him.

"Well, no, I do not doubt it," she said in answer to his last question;" but, unfortunately for you, there is no mystery connected with me. It would be impossible to weave a romance about me."

"What, not even in connection with the unknown chevalier you met up at the village?"

Branwell did not know why he said that; he knew it was not exactly gentlemanly, and when he had joined her, the thought was far from him; indeed, he had almost forgotten the words of the postmaster.

In that sentence he had diverted the channel of Miss Lorillard's thoughts into an entirely different direction. She raised her eyes to his face, while an anxiety was inwardly shaking her.

"Ah," thought he, "the postmaster was mistaken; she rode away alone."

"The chevalier is indeed unknown," she said quietly. "I don't know what you mean."

"An idle tale of a man in Darton," Branwell hastily responded, "who, seeing a princess riding through the street, imagined that she must be attended by her knight." He watched her closely, half ashamed of the undefined suspicions he felt. She smiled with care-free ease, her entire manner that of one to whom concealment was a stranger, and yet Branwell felt she was a riddle whose secret he would give much to read. Did she believe he would suspect her identity as his wife, and declare his suspicions to her? She would wait long for such a declaration, he thought; when it comes, it will come from her. But, indeed, judging from her appearance, it seemed that she neither expected nor suspected anything. She walked calmly by his side, stooping to twist from its stem some flower that hung in her path, replying to his remarks, uttering the well-attuned laugh that sometimes parted her lips. In all she was discreet, irreproachable, and Branwell left her and returned to the library, frustrated as always, and yet when alone his doubts again returning.

He sat down with the picture again in his hands, fascinated, repelled by the destiny so dimly opening before him.

Thus the night passed—the night that was the link that bound a strange past with a future that held in its hours a happiness and a misery he could not guess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Loneliness of Farming Life.

An American traveller in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gathering of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed, in his own country, to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm-life, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Europe, or it exists as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defense, and built walls around themselves. Out from these walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around feudal castles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed appointments of defence. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield, and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are notable examples of this kind of building; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturalists. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live, we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits, which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories, rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen, who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and in some localities, degraded in quality and character.

It all comes to this, that isolated life has very little significance to a social being. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world, have an overwhelming desire to meet life and be among the multitude. They feel their life to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred towns, thrill them with longings for the places where the rythmic throb is felt and heard. They are not to be blamed for this. It is the most natural thing in the world. If all of life were labor—if the great object of life were the scraping together of a few dollars, more or less—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the best, and purest, and happiest that can come of it, all needless isolation is a crime against the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportunities.

We are, therefore, not sorry to see farms growing larger, provided those who work them will get nearer together; and that is what they ought to do. Any farmer who plants himself and his family alone—far from any possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be well developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the towns for the social food for which they have been starving. We never hear of a colony settling down on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would by that measure be the more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by doubting or disputing the sufficiency of their social opportunities we insult them with a sort of contempt. We assure them that they cannot afford to treat thoroughly sympathetic counsel in this way. We know that their wives and daughters and sons are on our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the women and children are right. "The old man," who rides to market and the post-office, and mingles more or less with the world, gets along tolerably well; but it is the stayers at home who suffer. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow old, they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudgery, and instead of ripening in mind and heart, they simply dry up and decay. We are fully satisfied that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that men shun the farm because they are lazy. The American is not a lazy man anywhere, but he is social, and he will fly from a life that is not social to one that is. If we are to have a larger and better population devoted to agriculture, isolation must be shunned, and the whole policy of settlement hereafter must be controlled or greatly modified by social considerations.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's for June.*

Another Case of Kleptomania.

The following letter, and accompanying poem, from an old subscriber, will doubtless interest our readers:—

"*Sedalia, Mo., June 3d*, 1872.

"MR. EDITOR—Some time ago there was a witty article in the Saturday Evening Post, by Miss Ella Wheeler, entitled 'Kleptomania vs. Affinity,' which amused and interested me very much. I have had a similar experience. Several years ago I composed the accompanying poem, and it was published in the 'Great West,' a weekly published in Cincinnati at that time, and copied in other papers. Some time afterward, during my residence in Central America, it was republished in another Cincinnati weekly, with a complimentary note from the Editor, and attributed to a young lady of that city.

"On my return, my friends informed me of this, but could not give me the name of the paper, or I would have written to the Editor long ago to claim redress. Perhaps you may think the poem scarce worth the trouble; but it is linked with some pleasant memories, and—well you can imagine how one would feel about it. My friends wish me to have it republished; can you do me the favor? I choose the Post, for it seems like an old friend. We have taken it for more than twelve years, and like it best of all the weeklies. From the iron grated windows of my sitting-room in Guatemala, I used to watch anxiously for the coming of the *Postman*.

"I am prepared to prove property.

"Yours, truly,

"S. F. BUCHANAN."

We annex the poem.

THE DIAMOND AND DEWDROP.

A FANTASY.

BY MRS. S. F. BUCHANAN.

Within a precious casket lay a rich and sparkling gem,
While not far off an humble rose leaned o'er her thorny stem.
Clasped in the petals of the rose, a little dewdrop lay—
Within whose pure, pellucid depths, young rainbows seemed to play.
The diamond saw the little drop, admired its trembling light;
And said, "To win that liquid gem, I'll stoop from my proud height;
I'll send my very brightest ray to win it from its rest—
'Twill look so very beautiful, to sparkle on my breast."
The dewdrop caught his flashing light, she thought it was a sun;
And in her unsuspectingness and innocence was won.
But how she quivered with affright, clasped to that diamond's heart;
With him she felt no sympathy, of him she seemed no part,—
He only thought of wealth and pride, of brilliancy and show;
Sha, how to cheer some humble flower, down in the vale below.
He did not seem to value her save to reflect his light,
It seemed impossible to him, that she could suffer blight;
Yet day by day she felt herself congealed by agony;
And longed to be away at rest from such cold luxury.
At last a little sunny ray by pitying Sol was given,
To take the dewdrop on his wing, and bear it up to Heaven.

Then as a gentle, trusting heart won from a happy home,
To share some proud man's heritage and grace his princely dome,
Will pine amid the brilliant glare to find a loving heart,—
A heart o'erflowing with rich gifts, in which she claims a part;
If found not, then she pines in thought and bides her time to die,
That like the dewdrop she may gain her mansion in the sky.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

There actually is, or was, a gentleman in England named Pickwick, for only a few weeks since he publicly announced that he should henceforth drop that famous name, and assume one of less distinction. Undoubtedly he has found his late name a source of much annoyance, for everybody has heard of the founder of the Pickwick Club, and hundreds of people must have reminded the unfortunate man that his acquaintances would expect him to show some of the characteristics of the great philosopher. It would be interesting to know if, in any respect, he resembled Mr. Samuel Pickwick. Stranger coincidences have happened. Thackeray asserts that after having, as he supposed, created Capt. Costigan, he afterwards saw that distinguished officer in the flesh at Evans's; heard him sing a song, and saw him subsequently intoxicated. Perhaps the actual Pickwick possessed the gaiters, abdomen, and simple good nature of Dickens's Pickwick. He, however, did not possess a Sam Weller, or he would have retained that inestimable boon at a far greater cost than that of keeping his too famous name.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.—The London Pharmaceutical Journal states that the adulteration of tea with the willow leaf by the Chinese themselves is becoming an extensive trade. The cultivation of the willow for this purpose began some ten years ago, and has gone on steadily increasing, until last year it was estimated that 440 000 pounds of willow leaves were used up in this way. The introduction of from ten to twenty per cent. of the impurity is common, and no means has yet been pointed out for its detection. The flavor of the willow leaf has no resemblance whatever to that of tea.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE. AN EASY VICTORY WON BY THE LONDON CLUB. THE ATALANTAS BEATEN BY TWENTY LENGTHS.

LONDON, June 10—Evening.—The circumstances under which the Atalanta crew entered the race to-day were most unfavorable. At first it was thought the match would have to be postponed, owing to the stormy weather. As the day advanced it was decided that the race should be rowed, although the water was rough and lumpy, and the tide running very strong. Further delay was caused by a change in the direction of the race, which was made at the last moment. This having been agreed to, both crews went on board the steamers, and with their boats were taken up to the other end of the course at Mortlake. On arriving there further time was spent in making arrangements rendered necessary by the reversal of the route, and it was after six o'clock when the Londoners and New Yorkers stripped and entered their respective boats.

The thousands of spectators waited with patience and good humor while these preparations were making, and as the boats shot out from the shore, at 6.20 P. M., to take up their positions, there was a great shout of joy and relief, which was taken up along both sides of the river, from Mortlake to Putney. The Atalanta crew won the toss, and elected to run on the Surrey side. The gun for the start was fired at 6.23. The English crew took the water brilliantly. In the first two hundred yards they got a length ahead, and, edging to the Surrey side, took the Atalanta's water at Barnes's bridge. Just around the curve the Londoners had increased the gap to a length and a half. From this point the Americans made a series of desperate spurts and slightly improved their position, drawing up to the London boat, but these tremendous efforts told on the men, and they soon began to show signs of exhaustion.

On reaching the water-works, opposite Chiswick Mall, their distress was evident, and their pace relaxed. Their case was hopeless, and the race was already won. The Englishmen gained rapidly while going through Carney Reach, and shot under Hammersmith twenty lengths ahead. They continued to row steadily with ease, increasing the distance at every stroke. The Americans kept on with great pluck, but the signs of increasing exhaustion were plain. Up to Hammond bridge the course had been kept perfectly clear, but beyond that the row-boats hampered the Atalantas, one hitting their shell hard, and compelling the crew to come to a complete stand. But this accident had nothing to do with the result of the race, which was a foregone conclusion from the start. Coming around Craven Point, and heading direct for the Aqueduct bridge at Putney, the Londoners walked away from their opponents and arrived at the bridge, crossing the line at 6 50 P. M.

The dense masses of spectators on the bridge and river sides cheered and screamed wildly with excitement as the Londoners came in sight, and set up a great roar when they reached the end of the course.

The Americans, in spite of their accidents and stops, pulled to the bitter end, and were heartily cheered as they stepped out of their boat, greatly exhausted.

The extra editions of the journals published this evening put the time of the winners at twenty-one minutes and sixteen seconds, over a course of four miles and two furlongs.

COMMENTS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

The London papers comment at length on the boat race and in some instances with severity towards the Atalanta crew.

The Times says the Americans have not yet acquired the true style of rowing. It hopes they will learn it, and then put the English oarsmen to a severer test than that of yesterday.

The Post says the result shows that there is nothing in rowing to learn from the Americans, who, in the preparations for the race, had everything their own way.

The Telegraph looks upon the race as an illustration of English national energy.

The Standard says a more hollow affair was never witnessed, and that the American crew is not good enough to win an ordinary country regatta.

THE SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE CONFIRMED.

A dispatch from Zanzibar, Africa, states that further information has been received from the interior regarding the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone. The veteran explorer was still prosecuting his researches far in the interior. The long-debated question of the Nile appears to be settled at last—the energy and perseverance of the great traveller having been rewarded by the discovery of the source of the river. During his researches he has been fortunate in making numerous discoveries of a character entirely new to science. He has collected an abundance of material for publication, which will prove of the highest interest to the civilized world. One of the most remarkable results of his explorations has been the discovery of an underground village, the inhabitants of which differ largely in habits and language from the other savage tribes in Central Africa. He is now investigating this strange people and their country. Ample stores will be forwarded to him from Zanzibar.

BOMBAY, June 8.—A steamer has arrived at Zanzibar, with news which puts the safety of Dr. Livingstone beyond a doubt. A courier had reached Zanzibar from the Interior, with positive intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had arrived at Unyanyembe. Mr. Stanley, the Herald explorer, had left that place with letters from the great explorer, and was near the coast.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUALS.

At Philadelphia, June 8, the Athletic defeated the Mutual of New York by the following score:

Athletic	5	1	5	0	0	4	2	2	0	—19
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

RED STOCKINGS VS BALTIMORE.

At Baltimore, June 8, the Red-Stockings, of Boston, defeated the Baltimore club by a score of 15 to 2.

RED STOCKINGS VS. MUTUAL.

At New York, June 10 the Boston Red-Stockings defeated the Mutual by the following score:

Mutual	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—2
Boston	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—3

MOTUAL VS. HAYMAKERS.

At New York, June 11, the Mutual defeated the Haymakers, of Troy, by a score of 12 to 4.

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

At Boston, June 12, the Boston Red-Stockings defeated the Athletic by the following score:

Boston	5	0	1	2	0	1	0	0	3	—13
Athletic	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	— 4

At Baltimore, June 13, the Baltimore Club defeated the Atlantics of Brooklyn by the following score:—

Atlantics of Brooklyn	0	1	0	0	2	2	0	1	1	—7
Baltimore	1	2	8	0	3	2	2	0	4	—17

☞ A young gentleman of this city, who is an expert in the manufacture of brick, dropped in at this office recently, and feeling a little weak, took a seat on a distributing stone and got up with not less than half a pound of ink on his pants near the lower extremity of his spine. The last seen of him he was hunting some druggist who could prescribe a "removing remedy." Moral—never sit down in a printing office.—*Terre Haute Gazette.*

AN INDEPENDENT EDITOR.

The Crawford (Mo.) Mirror is a weekly paper printed in the woods, upon a farm four miles from Steelville, the county seat, to which point the paper is sent for circulation. The situation is described as most beautiful, "surrounded as it is by nature in all her pristine loveliness—woods, wild flowers, myriads of birds singing all day, and at night the call of the whip po'-will, the hoot of the owl, and the howl of the wolf." The editor gives, among others, the following reasons for selecting that location:

"We own the office, and mean to do what we please with it; we own the house, which we have fitted up to suit ourselves; and we own the farm (of 230 acres) on which the printing house stands. We have six children (the youngest ten years old), all of whom can and do set type. Our oldest daughters, Nellie and Dollie, can each set 1000 ems of type per hour all day; they also write stories for the paper, editorials, locals, etc., and can use the scissors judiciously; while the eyes of our youngest daughter begin to exhibit a poetically frenzied appearance."

☞ Two Canadian towns are quarrelling concerning the comparative beauty of their young ladies, and a Montreal paper suggests that the matter be referred to a "High Joint Commission," composed of the King of the Cannibal Islands, the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire and Saint Brigham.

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Yours, respectfully, HENRY BARTON, 34 Nassau street.

A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD:—Dear Sir—I received your highly Medicated Soap, and have used it one week. During the time I used the first cake my face changed every day, until I was entirely free of pimples, and to-day I can say I possess a clear complexion, SOLELY FROM THE USE of your Soap. I wish you to forward me at your earliest moment ½ a dozen of your Italian Medicated Soap.

Wishing you success and a long life, I remain your friend, J. C. STROUP, No. 65 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Stroup is a highly respected and well-known citizen of Pittsburgh, and trustworthy.

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We observe that Carleton & Hovey of this city advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

Mr. Crampton, the proprietor of the Golden Rule, says, whilst his son was in the country, he was terribly burnt. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

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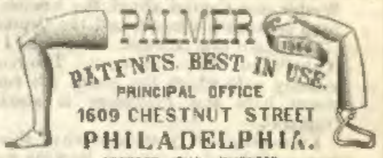

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WIT AND HUMOR.

YE EDITOR'S PERPLEXITIES.

An editor is Mr. Squibbs,
A man of lordly will;
A mighty man likewise to wield
Ye scissors and ye quill.

Ye humble honors of ye press
With lofty pride he wears;
Although no millionaire, he hath
Well nigh a million airs.

He strives with dignity to feed
Ye little Squibbs with bread,
And eke upon ye wings of fame
Ye name of Squibbs to spread.

He takes his little perquisites—
Ye which each press man knows—
With weary and most gracious air,
For which he "puffs" bestows.

Now, Mr. Squibbs he had a pass
Upon ye railroad train;
Ye which was stolen, and ye loss
It vexed him sore with pain.

Then, with a frown of dignity,
Squibbs sought ye President;
"Give orders to your hirelings straight
Through all your road's extent,

"To seize the man, wherever found,
Who to my name aspires."
Ye orders drew, and Mr. Squibbs
With dignity retires.

Not many days thereafter Squibbs,
With dignity arose,
And clad his dignity and limbs
All in his Sunday clothes.

For Squibbs was bid to scenes of mirth
All in ye distant town,
And merrily he cut his pen
To note ye doings down.

And while he viewed his toilet o'er,
All by a luckless chance,
He hit upon ye stolen pass,
Safe in his Sunday pants!

With lofty air Squibbs gave ye pass
Unto ye ticket man;
"Eureka!" muttered he, and turned
Ye face of Squibbs to scan.

Then, with a flaming lantern, sore
He smote Squibbs on ye head;
Three lusty brakemen then he called,
Who bore him out as dead.

Upon ye lordly Squibbs then sat
Three brakemen, great and small,
Ye while the wrathful ticket man
His clothes did overhaul.

They found a pass on every road
That runs ye world around;
They bound him fast, and swore they had
Ye king of pass-thieves found.

His freedom was at last restored;
His dignity, alas!
Was wrecked, and even to this day
Squibbs won't ride on a pass.

POKING FUN AT A RAILROAD.

Mr. Derrick Dodd writes as follows to the Washington Capitol about the branch railroad between Baltimore and the Capitol.

But about this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains are run between here and Baltimore is absolutely frightful.

I was delighted years ago when this road was established, because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerously fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains on this road is worse yet.

Now, every one knows that Baltimore is forty miles from Washington if it is an inch, and three days and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule time to three days and four hours, and what with making the engine fires too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that, the conductors are even cutting that time down.

Why it was only the other day, on the down trip, we happened to spy old Simm's mule about two miles out of town. What should the reckless wretch of an engineer do but clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into the district. We didn't exactly pass the mule, but we caught up with him twice, and came into the depot neck and neck, and which was puffing the most, the mule or the engine, you couldn't have told to save your life.

Now it was all very exciting and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident ticket, and I don't believe the other four passengers had either. This is all wrong, Mr. Editor, all wrong.

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snow-ball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her—the result was that the train happened to get on a down grade and was started off at a terrific rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think.

We were just half a mile above the Annapolis junction, and the first thing we knew—there being no one to whistle and wake up the switch tender—we were turned off into the Annapolis road and went down the wrong track at the full speed. Imagine our consternation, when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not half a mile ahead of us, of the Annapolis up train.

We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains on the same track approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come! In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then—destruction!

With great presence of mind a minister on board organized a prayer meeting. Pale but calm the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadow of death upon them, raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man, with a sad smile.

"Why?" was asked.

"Because we are all about to pass in our checks."

Everybody wept. From the rear platform, we could see the miserable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article—which was composed of eight hundred papers and a hair mattress—under her arm, the heroine marched through the car.

We followed her anxiously.

She climbed up on the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing over the wheels and brass things on her way to the cow-catcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes; on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came off. Protected by the bustle the engine received a gentle bump, and we were saved. I took up a collection for the woman on the spot. I always take up a collection on such occasions—always. And what's more, I never forget to give the object it terested something nice out of it—never. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes?

It was a brilliant boy who, seeing a dog with a muzzle on for the first time, exclaimed: "Mamma, mamma, I bet fifty cents the dogs are going to wear hoop-skirts; there goes a dog with one on his nose now."

A PRESENTIMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

"Why do you weep, dear Nora? I shall be back to-morrow; and the next day is our wedding-day. Why such overwhelming grief at so brief a separation?"

"I know you *intend* to come back to-morrow; but—Charles, if anything should happen that you never should return!"

"Nora! how can you for an instant think of such a thing?"

"I have such a deep foreboding of evil, Charlie! I seem to *know* that you are going into some dreadful danger. May the good Lord avert the threatening evil and bring you safely back to me!"

"Amen! May your prayers be heard if there really be any danger imminent. But, Nora dear, it is entirely unnecessary and unaccountable, this deep concern lest something should befall me. Here I have been travelling almost constantly for more than two years past, and frequently with large sums of money upon my person, yet I have never before known you to exhibit any such undue anxiety concerning me."

"I have never before had such a presentiment. I know, too, that there is no apparent cause for it; and from that very reason I am inclined to think it a providential—a—something sent either to prepare us for trouble or to ward it off."

"Nora, you are growing superstitious."

"Was I ever given to heeding dreams, or omens, or old women's signs, Charlie, dear?"

"I confess you were not, so far as I know."

"And now, Charlie, this feeling is something beyond me; something not of myself. Though I am not superstitious, I *do* believe in a protecting Providence; I *do* believe that sometimes warnings are kindly sent to us by a Higher Power; and so sent that we may not mistake them if we will be reasonable."

"It may be so."

"I am certain of it."

"But, if anything is to happen—say a railroad accident—how is your 'warning,' as you call it, to make things better? How is it to hinder a collision, for instance?"

"Oh, I do not know. Pray do not laugh at me, Charlie. You never carry firearms?"

"Seldom. I apprehend little danger from robbers."

"Here is a well-loaded pistol belonging to brother Clarence. I wish you would carry it with you."

"I will most certainly, at your request; though I am so peaceably disposed that I never get into quarrels, and so, probably, shall make no use of it. Now, Nora, dear, dear heart, dismiss your fears. Providence willing, I shall return to you to-morrow, *sain et sauf*."

I was going away to complete the purchase of an estate where Nora and I were to live after our marriage. I had the money, twenty thousand dollars, safely secured in an inside pocket. Mr. Williams, of whom I was to buy the place, lived at a residence called by him Glenarbor, some four miles from the nearest railroad station. There was a point on the railroad two miles nearer his dwelling called Norton's Crossing, where trains sometimes stopped to take on or to leave passengers; and I had arranged with Mr. Williams to meet me at this point to-night with his carriage. Should nothing occur to hinder the progress of the train I should arrive at Norton's Crossing about seven at night.

I took the cars at two P. M., and settled myself for a long, dull ride. Two hours later, a change of cars at P—— broke in upon the monotony. Then, for the first time, I was led to notice two large, burly men, evidently foreigners, who had occupied a seat behind me in the other car, and who, following me into this one, again seated themselves behind me.

One of them had a peculiar and especially ugly cast of features. It occurred to me, as I happened to glance at him while taking my seat, that I had seen that face somewhere before, and quite recently, but where I could not for some time determine. Indeed, I did not care to determine, as I had other and far pleasanter subjects of thought; so immediately dismissing the disagreeable object from my mind I settled myself comfortably in my seat, pulled my cap down over my eyes, and fell into a happy revery, wherein Nora and the delightful home in which I was soon to install her were mingled with the pleasant consciousness of being whirled onward, onward through space, safely and rapidly.

By-and-by a sudden ejaculation of one of the men behind me attracted my notice. "The man must die!" It was spoken in German; but fortunately I understood German.

"The man must die? *What* man must die?" thought I. I pricked up my ears and listened attentively, though still sitting, without having moved, and apparently asleep. I thought of Nora's presentiment, and for some unknown reason the conviction forced itself upon me that the man referred to was myself.

I found that the conversation upon which they had just entered was carried on partly in German, partly in poor English, the English being upon the most indifferent subjects, and having no connection with that in German. The German portion of the colloquy I will give in italicized English, and in good English, as they spoke good German.

"We haf fery leetle rain die vinter. (*Where does the man carry his money?*")

"Yah, fery leetle rain dont keine schnow shtorms. No shnow to shpeak of. (*Where we can never get it without first taking his life.*")

"Fery leetle shleighing too. Peter Schnappe pay so mootch big price for shleigh all for noting. (*Shall it be firearms or knife?*")

"O yah! I tells Peter he big narr! fool! waste so mootch money on a new shleigh vhat he no use half dootsent times de ganze vinter mit. (*Knife! firearms make too much noise.*")

"I nefer t'ought Peter Schnappe haf choodgment mit his money. (*You say it is all woods for two miles and no houses?*")

"Nein, no more choodgment as Hans Schwerdule's frow. How meutch you pay for you last pair boots? (*No houses for two miles; nothing but oak woods and cedar swamp, with a graveyard about half way.*")

"Two tollars dont half. (*That is the place to nab him.*")

"Who of you buys him? (*The cedar swamp on the other side of the road. The body will not be found so soon.*")

"I immer mein boots fon Franz Koenig buys. He sell sheap! fery sheap! (*Twenty thousand dollars do not grow on every bush.*")

It was settled now in my mind to a certainty *who* the man was that must die. The road from Norton's Crossing to Glenarbor answered exactly the description given by the two villains; two miles of road lying through thick woods, with not a human habitation except the graveyard. It came to me now in a flash where I had seen that ugly-visaged Deutscher. *In the bank yesterday when I was receiving my money.*

How thankful was I now that I had mastered German! I thought, too, with gratitude not unmingled with wonder, of Nora's presentiment and of the Colt's revolver which she had urged upon me. I thought, too, of her fervent prayer for my safe return, and breathed an aspiration to heaven that her prayer might be granted.

I began to think over closely all the chances there might be for or against me. The would-be assassins were large, strong, sinewy men; I was slight of build and short of stature, indeed my corporeal smallness had often been to me a source of vexation, I might almost say of mortification. One thing was in my favor. I had arranged with Mr. Williams to meet me; he would have a close carriage and a fleet horse. I did not doubt but we could distance the knaves before they would have time to attack us, for they would scarcely dare attempt it until out of sight of the cars, and we could get out of sight as soon as could the train. But if not, if we could not avoid an encounter, why then there was the neat little six-shooter lying securely hidden under my vest.

Night set in. It was mid-winter, and darkness came early. About seven the train stopped at Norton's Crossing. The two men left the train, as I had expected they would, descending to the ground from the end of the car opposite to the one out of which I came. It was a dark moonless night; the stars were mostly obscured by clouds, giving only just enough light so that after the eye had become accustomed to the darkness one could barely be able to keep in the road and to avoid pitfalls.

By what light the train afforded I could see that there was no carriage in waiting! Mr. Williams had failed me! There was nothing for it then, but this walk of two miles in an unfrequented road, with two assassins dogging my steps. Nora's presentiment again came to mind, and again rang in my ears that ominous expression, "The man must die!" But if die I must, I meant to sell my life dearly.

Ere the whistle sounded, and the heavy train had begun to move away, I had started on my lonely road at a quick walk. As my end of the car was nearer the carriage road than the other I had a few feet the advantage of my pursuers in starting. The cars went on. Darkness, loneliness and terror seemed to shut heavily down upon me. In the woods the blackness seemed intense; but gradually my eyes became accustomed to it, so that I could discern the stems of the trees by the roadside, and could, on glancing behind me, see my pursuers following at no great distance.

I did not run at first, but walked with long rapid strides, not wishing to exhaust my strength before the coming conflict or to make the two men think that I suspected their intentions. They kept just a few rods behind me; if I quickened my pace they hurried; if I slackened my steps they walked slower.

Thus we went on about a mile. Just before coming to the graveyard there was an abrupt bend in the road. Knowing this I had been planning how I might evade them; for just beyond this bend was the place where they were to attack me. Should I turn aside into the cemetery and crouch down behind some of the grave stones? or should I hide in the cedar swamp on the opposite side? "Not in the cedar swamp," thought I with a shudder, "for there is where they intend to conceal my dead body! No, I will hide myself among the graves. A large tombstone will make a good barricade," and I laid my hand upon my six-shooter as I thought this.

In spite of my decision, when I came to the turn in the road I darted down into the cedar swamp, moved by some uncontrollable impulse which overcame my better judgment. In a moment I had taken my stand upon a hummock behind a large clump of cedars, where, pistol in hand, I listened breathlessly for the would-be murderers. I could hear their steps hurrying over the hard-frozen ground. Presently they came in sight, one of them carrying a small lantern so constructed that from one side of it they could flash a ray of light a long distance ahead. They had evidently felt perfectly secure of their prey; but now they missed me. Beyond the turn the road was straight as an arrow for more than half the remaining mile, and they could see that I was not in the road. They broke into a violent rage, uttering oaths that might chill one's blood. They went into the graveyard where they made a thorough search for me, and though it might not be said that they "left no stone unturned," it was indeed true that they looked behind and around every grave-stone and monument. *Had I hidden among the graves they would inevitably have found me.*

Failing in their search, they returned to the road still swearing frightfully. They paused and flashed the light of their lantern back and forth along the line of swamp—but I was effectually hidden by the trunks of the trees, and they discovered nothing. That moment, with my swift and sure revolver, I might have sent them both to eternity; but I had no desire that their blood should be upon my hands; they failed to find me, and I was well satisfied.

Concluding that I must have run swiftly after passing the turn, and was now hidden behind some clump of bushes farther on, they started once more towards Mr. Williams's, cursing themselves that they had lost so much time in the graveyard, and literally beating the bushes as they went along, hoping to find me. I waited until I could no longer hear them, then by a woods-path I hastened to the residence of Mr. Williams, which I reached near ten o'clock, my heart overflowing with gratitude at my wonderful escape.

I have never learned anything more of the two would-be murderers; but I am confident that they had some confederate who knew both Mr. Williams and myself, for that gentleman had been kept from meeting me at the train by a telegram stating that I had put off coming until the following day.

I cannot say that my life was saved by the pistol which Nora induced me to carry with me; but I *do* believe that my life was Providentially saved in answer to her fervent prayer.

AN EARLY QUIBBLE.

GEORGE.—"There, Aunt Mary! what do you think of *that*? *I* drew the horse, and Ethel drew the Jockey!"

AUNT MARY.—"H'm! But what would mamma say to your drawing Jockeys on a Sunday?"

GEORGE.—"Ah! but look here! We've drawn him *riding to church*, you know!"

Answers to Correspondents.

A. E. W. asks: "What is the Honey Dew we see on leaves and plants, and what causes it?" What is known as Honey Dew is a sweet, viscous fluid secreted by insects of the genus Aphis. It is a species of the Aphis which is to the Ant tribe much what the cow is to man. It is preserved and carefully attended by the ant, for which in return it yields its sweet milk to this intelligent insect.

G. E. (Thompson, Ga.,) writes: "As I have an idea of writing for the papers, I would like to know something in regard to the prices paid. Will you please inform me? 2d. Do frogs eat strawberries? 3d. Who was Nilsson, Hamlet and Strakosch? 4th. Who is the Princess of Wales? 5th. Who was the bravest man in the Southern army? 6th. Who was the bravest man in the Northern army? 7th. Do you think my writing good for a girl of fourteen years?" You will find an answer to your first question in our reply to M. B. As to the Natural History conundrum which you propound, we give it up. Writers on the frog question have not taken the proper pains to throw light on this subject. As this is the season of frogs and strawberries your easiest way to find out would be to try the experiment. "First catch your frog," then set before it a dish of strawberries, and wait results. We are afraid Mr. Frog will turn away in disdain. There is a curious conglomeration of names in your third question. Nilsson is an opera singer of great celebrity. Strakosch an opera manager. Hamlet is an imaginary person, (based, it may be, upon a real character,) and the principal character in Shakspeare's celebrated play of the same name. The Princess of Wales is Alexandra, daughter of Christian IX. King of Denmark. As to who were the bravest in the Northern and Southern armies, we really cannot undertake to decide. The men who, with the general spirit of daring, united the most reason, coolness and proper sense of the danger, whoever they were, were the bravest. Your writing is not bad for your age.

I. V. H. (Selma, N. C.) writes: "I will, with the hope of being perfumed, intrude on your kindness for a short time. 1st. Who is Bismarck? Is he Chancellor of Prussia, or is he son of the Emperor William? I am inclined to believe that he is the former. 2d. Where is Sheffield? I have noticed a great many knives marked with that name, but do not know where it is. 3d. Which is the largest city in the world? 4th. How is the word Macaire pronounced? 5th. Of what State is General Joseph Johnston a native, and where does he reside at present? 6th. Do you think that the United States will get into trouble with Spain? 7th. To what religious denomination does the royal family of England belong?" 1st. Bismarck is the Prime Minister of Prussia, and is not related to the Emperor. 2d. Sheffield is a manufacturing city, situated in the west of Yorkshire, England, and famous for its cutlery. 3d. London. 4th. Mat-see'-nee, with the accent on the second syllable. 5th. He is a native of Virginia. We do not know his present residence. 6th. A week or two will probably decide. 7th. To the Protestant Episcopal denomination, the established Church of England.

LIZZIE (Wentworth, N. C.) writes: "I like the idea of submitting different topics to those who have facilities for investigating them. Will you give the result of your investigations on the following questions? 1st. What is most suitable for a lady to give to a gentleman, to whom she is engaged, for a memory present? 2d. Should a lady allow her betrothed to kiss and embrace her? 3d. Would you consider it conspicuous for a gentleman and lady-love, who live in the country, to ride alone to church, or any where? 4th. When a gentleman, who has fallen in love with a lady, addresses and engages himself to her, by first receiving the consent of her parents, then, after they have become so much attached to each other, some one, through envy or prejudice, spreads some false reports, the parents wish her to reject him, the idol of her heart, she knowing he is innocent, to which should she cling, the parents or her lover? (I say the latter.) 5th. Which do you think the nicest and most suitable for a marriage ceremony, church-house or private house? and, if the former, what apparel most becoming, white or colors, it being in the day instead of night? 6th. There is a lady of the following description—dark auburn hair, dark blue eyes, and fair complexion. Now, as a bridal dress for that lady, she being married in the day and at church, what color do you think most becoming? Do you fancy sky blue for her? If so, to be trimmed with what? 7th. What of my writing? 8th. Don't you think a white hat most suitable for a bride? And are long, white veils fashionable for a bride at the marriage altar? 9th. Do you think it conspicuous, or at all unbecoming, for a gentleman and his lady-love to sit in a parlor of a private house, and converse with the door shut; i. e., when the weather is such as to require a close room? 10th. Is it proper to introduce one person to another without being previously requested by the parties? 11th. Would you publish some acrostics and poems for me were I to send them? 12th. Is there such an establishment at Carrettsville, O., as the Electro-Magnetic Curling Comb Company? If so, what of the efficacy of their combs? 13th. Do you think I have asked any unprofitable questions?" 1st. She might give him a seal ring. That would make a neat and appropriate present. 2d. To a reasonable and modest extent—and at proper times and places. 3d. Not unseemly conspicuous. 4th. If his innocence is so evident, the parents, with their superior experience, would probably perceive it. The chances are that they are in the right, and that the lady is somewhat blinded by her love. 5th. It is a matter of taste. 6th. White is usually preferred. 7th. Very fair. 8th. Yes. 9th. Not very conspicuous, if they are shut in alone, and not unbecoming, as people usually have charity for the shortcomings of lovers. 10th. It depends upon circumstances. 11th. If they are suitable for the paper. 12th. We have reason to believe that no such company exists. 13th. No doubt they are profitable to you, and you are the only one specially concerned.

GREENHORN (Franklin, Ky.,) writes: "A 'green un' just from the backwoods is going to marry a city lass, and wants to know when is the proper time to present the wedding ring, whose duty it is to put it on the bride's finger, and what finger should it be put on, and what ceremony is proper, if any? And do you think two elements so different in their training and accompaniments will be happy? By answering through the Post you will confer a great favor." The minister who marries you will see that the matter of the ring is properly attended to. All that is necessary for the groomsman is to be ready to produce it at the proper time. It is (like the engagement ring) worn on the third finger of the left hand. Happiness frequently results from such unions if they be properly cemented with love.

BELLA V. (Leander, Pa.,) writes: "Hoping you will excuse me for trespassing on your time, I wish to tell you I dearly love the old Post. It has been a welcome visitor in our family for many years. We all prize it, but you will smile when I tell you that the riddler is my favorite column, and now please answer one or two questions for me. Do you wish for any more contributors to that column? Who do you think of all the best contributor in said riddler? I think that W. H. Morrow is by far the best, and my next favorite is Emily. Am I right? Would it be right or proper to write to any of these correspondents, asking advice as to constructing enigmas, &c.?" You may send your contributions, and if they should prove sufficiently good we shall be happy to publish them. You are right in having your opinion as to contributors, and we hope they may appreciate it. As for ourselves we claim no right to express an opinion on such matters. We leave that right entirely to our readers. There would be no impropriety in your addressing contributors on such a subject.

XENOPHON (Philada.) asks: "Please state on what day in November the Presidential election takes place." On the first Tuesday in November.

R. T. (Arrington, Va.,) "wishes to know if there is such a thing as a list of English names, (Saxon or Norman) in existence, and if so, where can it be found? I mean names of persons." There are several works on the subject. Among them we may mention Miss Yonge's History of Christian names, and Lower's English surnames.

HONOR.—When an article is sent to us, or left with us, and nothing is said relative to any compensation being required for it, we take it for granted that none is wanted. We sometimes publish articles under such circumstances, which we should send back if payment were demanded for them. And occasionally we insert such articles out of sheer kindness to their authors, and in opposition to our literary judgment, and are afterwards surprised by a modest demand for compensation. We wish all our correspondents to know that if they send articles to a paper, and say nothing about compensation, the publisher naturally supposes that no compensation is required. Of course in the case of regular contributors, whom the publisher is in the habit of remunerating, this is not necessary—though it is always well, even in such cases, unless there is a mutual understanding as to the rate of compensation, to affix a price to the article sent.

G. W. R. (Saville, Ala.,) writes: "Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions? What gave rise to Easter Sunday, and when does it always come, on what day of the month? 2d. Who writes for J. W. Baker, United States Pension Agent. The reason I ask this question is, the style and penmanship he does his writing in surpasses anything I ever saw. 3d. What is the amount of damage claimed by the United States from England, and on what principle, for the late war? Who was the Alabama got up by and for what purpose? 4th. Why does pressure on the brain paralyze the opposite side of a man? 5th. Why do persons engaged in battle often lose their hearing?" 1st. The festival of Easter is of exceeding antiquity. It originated (as the name implies) in the worship of Easter or Eastre, who was the ancient goddess of the Spring, and in whose honor an April festival was held by the Saxons from time immemorial. When the Saxons were converted to Christianity, this festival, with several others, was converted also, and made sacred to the resurrection of the Saviour. It is a moveable feast, depending on the passes of the moon, and may occur on any day between March 21st and April 25th. 2d. The Pension Agent referred to should be obliged to you for your compliment to his writing; that is, if you intend it as a compliment. Write and ask him the question you have asked us, and you will have your answer in his admired chirography. 3d. There is no fixed amount of damages claimed in the Alabama case. The various claims submitted by injured parties will be presented to the commission, and their validity decided upon. The Alabama was built under orders of agents of the Confederate States, for the purpose of injuring the shipping interests of the Northern States. 4th. The injury to hearing is caused by the concussion of the air in battle on the delicate organs of the ear. 5th. Each side of the body is connected by means of nervous fibres, with the opposite side of the brain, hence any injurious effect caused by pressure on the brain would affect the opposite side of the body.

C. E. J., (Hansen,) writes: "I having a natural talent for music, and understanding musical composition thoroughly, would be pleased to have you inform me of some person you think would be a good writer for songs, &c. Also what do publishers pay the authors for getting up Sabbath school singing books such as are sold for thirty-five and forty cents?" We are not able to comply with your request through the Post. If any song writers apply to us we would have no objection to put them in communication with you, by giving your address, if we know it. The name Hansen is hardly sufficient without the name of the State. We wish all our correspondents would bear in mind that one of the most important rules in letter writing is to distinctly give the full address. The price paid for musical manuscript such as you mention, depends entirely on private arrangements between publisher and composer, and may greatly vary in different cases. If you have such manuscript prepared, send it to a music publisher, and get his opinion concerning it.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

SOME MORE EDITORIAL SQUIBS.

This wicked editor thinks that exhibiting curious babies pays better than editing. So it does. How pleased he would have been to have had a double-header:—

A happy father in Florida is writing to the papers of his State about his baby, which is two weeks old, nine inches in length, weighs two pounds, and is remarkable for its beauty, vivacity, and cheerfulness.

This one is worse yet:—

A voice comes from Washington Territory, saying, "Send us wives!" and a thousand male voices respond, "Take ours!"

Here is a gallant editor who gives an advertisement free:—

A beautiful and accomplished young lady has opened a shoe store in Philadelphia. All her beautiful and accomplished clerks wear fancy little leather aprons, which are irresistibly sweet and touching.

In the following we see that the editor is discouraged because his wife has a new bonnet. How the state of mind of an editor comes out in his paper at times:—

It is said that the millinery stores in this city already display 7882341279053l varieties of bonnets for the present season.

For an ending we will give the experience of the editor of the Bangor (Me.) Whig, who has certainly been in some way disappointed in the matter of dry goods. He says he "recently saw a large number of ladies enter a public hall with dishevelled hair and hat brims apparently wrinkled and broken, and, as he fancied, with excited countenances. 'Upon inquiring what the riot was about,' said he, 'imagine our chagrin when told it was the fashion.'"—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

HOW TO QUIET A BABY.—A farmer, who had passed innumerable sleepless nights, immortalized himself by discovering a method of keeping babies quiet. The mode of operation is as follows:—As soon as the squaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it cannot sit alone; then smear its fingers with thick treacle; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, treacle and more feathers, and in place of the nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

ANOTHER CARDIFF GIANT.—An enterprising man has been exhibiting in New Hampshire a petrified Indian, which, he says, was ploughed up in Medbury, New Hampshire, a cousin, we suppose, of the Cardiff Giant. The proprietor of the Medbury curiosity, however, has come to grief; for carrying his stony aborigine to Dover, the constables arrested the exhibitor as a fraud, and he was held to anwer in $800. He neglected, it seems, to get certificates of the antiquity of his petrifaction from sculptors and erudite geologists, and especially from those learned gentlemen who have written us scores of letters complaining of our disbelief in the Cardiff wonder.

☞ A new verb to express the sudden access of heat in the atmosphere has been invented—"It Vesuvisites."

RECEIPTS.

CREAM CAKES.—Three and one-half cups of flour, one and one-fourth cups of butter, one pint of water, ten eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda. Boil the water and butter together, and stir in flour when boiling. When cold add the eggs, well beaten. Drop on a tin and rub over the white of an egg before baking. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. The usual cause of people's failing to make good cream cakes is, that after boiling the water, butter and flour together, they do not allow the mixture to get perfectly cold before proceeding. This is the all important point.

CREAM FOR THE ABOVE.—One quart of milk, eight eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of corn starch. Boil the milk, and while boiling, add the sugar, eggs and corn starch. Flavor with lemon.

TO PRESERVE CHERRIES.—Take good, ripe, sour cherries four pounds, sugar four pounds, water two pounds. Boil them well together an hour, or until done; cool them and put away for use.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Take some young carrots, turnips, onions, celery and cabbage lettuces; cut them in slices, and put them in a stew-pan, with a little butter and some lean ham cut in pieces. Cover them closely and let them stew for a short time. Fill up with stock sufficient for the soup required, and let it boil until the vegetables are quite soft, adding a few leaves of mint and the crust of a roll; pound all, and having boiled a quart of peas as green as you can, strain them off and pound them also; mix them with the rest of the ingredients and pass through a sieve. Heat it, and season with salt, pepper and sugar; add a few young boiled peas, and use the spinach to restore it.

CREAM-CHEESE.—The cream-cheese we make at home is much admired. We put a quart of cream into a clean jug, with half a teaspoonful of salt stirred in, and let it stand a day or two till thickish. Then we fold an ordinary cloth about six or eight times and sprinkle it with salt, then lay it in a sieve about eight inches in diameter. The sides of the cloth should come up well over the sieve. Then pour in the cream and sprinkle a little salt on it. Change the cloth as often as it becomes moist, and as the cheese dries press it with the cloth and sieve. In about a week or nine days it will be prime and fit to eat. The air alone suffices to turn the cream into cheese. M. A.

LOBSTER SAUCE.—Take the body of a boiled lobster cut or torn into small pieces, and mix it with melted butter and a little rich beef gravy, seasoning according to taste; boil them up, turning one way; the spawn of the lobster may be added to the sauce.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE may be prepared as follows: "Beat well in a bowl, with a teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of two fresh eggs, then add, drop by drop, a teaspoonful of fine salad oil and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, continually beating it; add with the same care a teaspoonful of vinegar; continue to add alternately the oil and vinegar till you beat in two tablespoonfuls of each, and the sauce is smooth as cream, and no grease can be detected. It is used to cover, or mask, cold fowl, meat, or fish, and sometimes for salads. If desired, it may be colored green, with spinach juice; and it is an improvement in hot weather to prepare it over a pan of pounded ice.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BIOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A celebrated American naval officer, born in Falmouth, (now Portland) Maine, August 15th, 1761. In 1779 he was midshipman on board the state ship Protector, which was captured by the English. He was released at New York. Afterwards, lieutenant of the Winthrop, he displayed great gallantry in cutting out a British brig-of-war in Penobscot harbor. In 1803 he was invested with the command of the Constitution; stationed in the Mediterranean, he not only prevented a war between Morocco and the United States, but bombarded Tripoli and brought the Bashaw to terms. For this he received the thanks of Congress and an emblematical medal. He died August 25th, 1807, in the forty-seventh year of his age. Who was he?

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 6, 11, 1, 14, 15, is a river in Europe.

My 17, 7, 9, 16, 13, 19, is a large city in the Eastern Continent.

My 10, 3, 8, signifies a devil, a wandering spirit.

My 12, 4, 1, 9, signifies cheerful.

My 2, 14, 5, 20, 4, is a small strait, south of Asia.

My whole is a portion of land in the Western Hemisphere, the coast of which is noted for its extensive fisheries, in which a great number of men are employed.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WORD SQUARES.

I.

A part of the head.
A unit.
A color.

II.

Smooth.
A climbing plant.
Obsolete form of enough.
Fresh tidings.

S. E. SMITH.

MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One end of a fine string, 24 feet long, is attached to an angular point B of a fixed regular hexagon ABUDEF on a fixed horizontal plane, its length being equal to the perimeter: a particle P, fixed to the other end of the string, which is stretched in the direction AB, is projected in the plane of the hexagon, perpendicularly to the string, with a velocity of 7 feet per second, so that the string comes into contact with BC, CD, DE, &c., successively. Determine after what time the string will coincide with the perimeter of the hexagon.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a sheet of postage-stamps like distant relatives? Because they are but slightly connected.

☞ Why is the milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

☞ Why is an egg produced last month like a native of Malacca? Because it is a May-lay.

☞ Why should the male sex avoid the letter s? Because it makes men mean.

☞ Why is the letter m like a man who feeds on a certain fish? Because it makes meals of eels.

☞ What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal? The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

F. E. F., Seaboard, N. C., sends us the following:—

☞ Why is an aspen leaf like a quarrelsome woman's tongue? Because neither is still very long at a time.

☞ Why is the letter B like the city of Montpelier? Because it is near the centre of Vermont.

☞ Why is the letter I like the taking of the first drink of ardent spirits? Because it is the beginning of Intemperance.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

WORD SQUARE—

S T A R
T I L E
A L A S
R E S T